MOVIE Digest

January

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You Can't Show That!
Don't Believe A Thing You Hear!
Socks Appeal
20,000 Legs Beside The Sea . . .
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How to Behave at the Movies . . .
History Marx!
New Season Movie Survey

Complete Novelization of "Sweethearts"

The Reviewing Stand
Previews & Reviews
How Stars Act at Parties!
etc., etc., etc.

Cover—
Hedy Lamarr

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MOVIE DIGEST

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ROLY YOUNG — Editor

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MOVIE DIGEST

The World's Best Articles on the Motion Picture in Handy Pocket Form.

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JANUARY, 1939

Vol. I., No. 1

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

HELLO!

So you're looking at that new movie magazine, the Movie Digest! Perhaps you've already glanced through it, but won't you stop here for a moment and let me tell you something about this journal,

In the Movie Digest we are trying to bring you something entirely new in the line of a film magazine, a magazine which will open to the moviegoer an entirely new world. Most movie fans have their favorite movie magazines that they buy month after month, but often they miss some first-rate article in another magazine. Moreover, there are some grand articles which the average moviegoer never gets a chance to see, articles which appear in what are called "trade publications" whose circulation is restricted to persons in the industry, and frequently do not even appear on regular newsstands. Many fine articles appear, too, in the daily and weekly press and are seen only in localities served by that particular paper, while others appear in foreign language publications which are not within the usual reading range of most of us. That's the reason we are bringing you the Movie Digest. Here, in convenient pocket size, we intend to try to bring you the best articles of the previous month from all this wide range of movie literature that you might otherwise miss. Maybe you'll discover from these pages that there are magazines you would like to read that you haven't been conscious of before. We will be very happy if that is the case, but we'll be happier still if you discover in Movie Digest just the type of movie magazine you like. We'd like to hear from you, and this is an open invitation to drop us a line, tell us if you like or dislike our maga-

zine, we want your suggestions, for the only way we can mould Movie Digest to your liking is for you to tell us how you feel about it. In fact, we can't do better than to go back to the old slogan: "If you like us, tell your friends; if you don't, tell us!"

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I was in Hollywood a short time ago, and I discovered that the most glamorous item in the movie capital right now is an item called Hedy LaMarr. At parties, when Hedy walked across the room, there was a lull in conversation, as stars, young and old, bright and dim, male and female alike turned to watch the epitome of glamor. Movie Digest this month brings you a condensation of two leading articles on Miss LaMarr. You'll find it on page 7.

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Does the history of motion picture interest you? If so, Terry Ramsaye, who is the editor of a famous trade paper called the Motion Picture Herald, wrote a two-volume story of the movies. Copies are rather difficult to get, so, in connection with the Motion-Pictures - Are - Your - Best - Entertainment Campaign, Mr. Ramsaye condensed his monumental work into quick and easy reading. We've called it "Movie Cavalcade," on page 35.

▪ ▪ ▪

Errol Flynn is quoted verbatim in the article "I Know What a Louse I am Capable of Being" (page 46) in which we have left you only the actual words of the famous star. Maybe we were mean to give it that title, but, after all, that's what Mr. Flynn said, and it sounded like a title that would catch your eye, and we're sure that once you start to read the true confessions of Mr. Flynn, you'll stick with it to the end.

▪ ▪ ▪

Girls are responsible for the current vogue of roughhouse heroes who smack, punch and kick our pretty screen ingenues into a romantic mood. I'd be scared to say that but Jesse Lasky, famous film director, feels free to take a verbal sock at the fair sex. You'll find both sides of the question in two timely articles which we have paired up for you under the title "Socks Appeal" on page 28.

▪ ▪ ▪

In my town the big concert hall reports that it is completely sold out for Nelson Eddy's concert, despite the fact that it will not occur for nearly four months yet, and the appearance of Mr. Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald together in a motion picture just lines 'em up for blocks, which is why I thought we were rather lucky in being able to secure a brief, but complete novelization of their new picture "Sweethearts" which will be found on page 87 of this issue. For "Sweethearts" M-G-M have taken Victor Herbert's famous

show and given it an entirely new and up-to-date plot, yet retained the lovely score (plus some interpolations from "The Prince of Pilsen") and while we regret that we can't bring you the music, we're happy about the whole thing because we were able to bring you the story.

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If you are really interested in what films are coming, and want to do a little serious reading on the subject, I suggest you wade into "New Season Movie Survey" on page 11. Next to the novel it's our longest item, but we thought it was so comprehensive and interesting that you would want all the information it contained. We aim, you see, in Movie Digest, to give you a complete background about the movies so that you will be in a position to discuss them anywhere with the knowledge that your facts are correct and right up to the minute.

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If you want some "inside stuff" on Hollywood, take a look at "How Stars Act at Parties" on page 39.

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There are several departments which Movie Digest plans to bring you as a regular feature, like the one devoted to quotations by and about movie folk, or that Pot Pourri of facts, fiction, stories and ancedotes which we call "Shorts" (page 109). Our movie reviews are divided into several sections under the heading "The Reviewing Stand." The first section "A" brings you our candid reviews of leading contemporary films, while section "B" contains a series of thumbnail reminders on films already showing. Section "C" is a series of brief notes on films still in production, and lastly we have a special listing of films for the youngsters. We hope that you'll like (and agree with) "The Reviewing Stand" and that you will keep your Movie Digest handy all through the month as a guide to your screen entertainment.

▪ ▪ ▪

We could take up a lot more space telling you about the various items in this issue, but we think it would be better to devote the space to the items and let them speak for themselves. If you like us, we hope you'll be looking for us again next month . . . that's the best way, as Don Ameche says, of telling us that you like Movie Digest. (If we wanted to be mercenary we might draw your attention to the special introductory subscription offer we are making, but on second thought we have decided to let you notice that for yourself!)

Roby Young

So you want to be a movie star, do you? Well, it's perfectly simple, for . . .

Anybody Can Get into the Movies

ANYBODY can get into the movies. All you need is talent and a break. Naturally you wouldn't want to try to become a movie star if you didn't think you had the talent, so all you have to worry about is the little question of getting a break. Some folks say that luck has a lot to do with it, but whatever you call it, the fact remains, that is how many of our big stars got into the galloping tintypes.

Somewhere in the outskirts of Hollywood there's an old rusty nail lying by a roadside, with no appreciation of the fact that it was responsible for the movie career of Martha Raye. It's the nail that punctured the tire on Norman Taurog's car as the director was on his way to the studio. Taurog was worried that day. His boss had just told him to hunt up a comedienne to appear opposite Bob Burns, and Taurog was wracking his brain to think of a suitable player. He stepped into the Trocadero Cafe to phone for a garage man to change the tire, and while he waited he watched the floor show. Martha Raye was appearing in the floor show. Taurog looked, listened, and rushed for the telephone and the next day Martha Raye began her screen career . . . all because of a rusty nail that provided her with the break she needed.

An Irish boy friend took Maureen O'Sullivan to a party, which is why Maureen is in Hollywood. Frank Borzage was in Ireland in search of an Irish colleen to appear opposite John McCormack in his first talking picture. Borzage was also at the party. He asked the young Miss O'Sullivan to take a screen test. Then he went to her father who was a major in the Connaught Rangers and offered to pronounce the test a failure if the father disapproved of a screen career for his daughter. Luckily for Maureen, her father believed in allowing his children to lead their own lives . . . that was Maureen's lucky break.

M-G-M hired Greta Garbo because that was the only way they could get Mauritz Stiller, famous Swedish movie director. He refused to leave Sweden unless his protege, Garbo, was also given a contract. Before that she clerked in a Stockholm department store, posed for some hat advertisements and appeared in an advertising film for the store. Next came professional film work, in a comedy called "Erick the Tramp" in which Stiller saw her. He put her under contract, changed her name from Gustafsson to Garbo, and directed her in several Swedish

films. "The Atonement of Gosta Berling" won a Nobel prize.

Such was Garbo's "break."

At fourteen Danielle Darrieux decided she wanted to be an actress and answered an advertisement in a Paris paper for a child actress. She got the job. The film was a big success, so was her small part. She was given a long term contract.

Bette Davis bleached her hair and became a star. After a brief stage career she was signed by Universal but her screen attempts were not a success. Out of a job, she bleached her hair, and as a blonde was signed by Warners for a part with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." Bette was uncertain about her success and fully expected to be out of a job again—when they offered her a term contract.

Myrna Loy seemed fated to a career in the chorus when a photographer named Henry Waxman asked her to pose for some photographs. By a streak of luck, Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, liked Waxman's photographs and used to visit his studio. When he saw the new pictures of the little chorine, he sent for Myrna and asked her to make a screen test. The test was very bad, and Myrna haunted casting offices in an effort to get another one. Finally she was called for a second test, but this time it was only a dress they wanted to photograph. A third call was for the role of the Madonna in "Ben Hur," but the role was taken from her because she looked too oriental. However, they gave her a small extra role in that picture, and that's how Myrna got her foot on the first round of the cinema ladder.

Bob Burns can thank his Bazooka for his break in films. He invented the instrument when he owned a carnival in Atlantic City. The carnival went broke. Likewise Mr. Burns. Bob tried vaudeville, but the bottom dropped out of that. Then Bob got a job in a New York night club where his principal chore was to make more noise than the customers. He did better than that. He amused them, so much, in fact, that he stayed there for several months. Rudy Vallee put him on his radio program as a novelty and he made a hit. Bing Crosby immediately signed him for his radio program, and had a role written into "Rhythm on the Range" for him.

All because of a couple of pieces of pipe and a funnel!

Newspaper editors didn't take to Gary Cooper's cartoons, so he became a movie star. Gary tried to crash the California papers as an artist, but the editors didn't share his enthusiasm. Rapidly going broke, he applied at a studio for a job as an extra. His tall rawboned physique was just right for westerns and Gary found steady employment along with the horses. Eventually a big western picture came along, and there was Gary,

just waiting for a chance like that.

Don Ameche is a movie star because a movie executive wanted to look at a test of somebody else. After a vicarious career in the legitimate theatre and radio, Ameche made a screen test for M-G-M but nothing came of it. An executive at 20th Century-Fox borrowed a test reel from M-G-M to have a look at a girl he was considering for a part. Ameche's test was on the reel. The executive forgot all about the girl and began telegraphing all over the continent to locate Ameche. So he got his break, just because somebody wanted to look at somebody else.

It takes luck to overcome the handicap of a famous father. Tyrone Power has discovered that for himself. He gave up trying to crash Hollywood and went east where he eventually appeared with Katharine Cornell. Then movie scouts began to take notice of him. He was given a contract by 20th Century-Fox and played several small roles. They decided to make "Lloyds of London." Tyrone and Don Ameche made literally scores of screen tests for the leading role. Finally Tyrone won. That gave him the break he needed.

Like Martha Raye, Robert Young can thank a car breakdown for his movie career. Bob was ready to give up trying to crash the movies and was motoring away to take a bank job. The car broke down and he had to return home. The next day a studio phoned him to make a screen test.

Clark Gable had to fight his way up to success on the legitimate stage. He got occasional work as an extra in films. He was one of a regiment of guards in "The Merry Widow." Finally he landed in New York where he was a hit on the stage. An offer to appear with a stock company in Los Angeles struck him as a good way to spend the summer. He was cast as "Killer Mears" in "The Last Mile" and attracted movie attention. Offers were made to him and it was a toss-up whether he would stay and try his luck in pictures or go back to New York. It was so much of a toss-up that Clark actually tossed a penny to decide which he would do. It was luck that the penny turned up the way it did.

So you see, there's really nothing to this business of getting into the movies. If you have the talent, all you need is a lucky break. How do you get that lucky break. Well that's another subject; some day we'll write a book about that!

She was "sold down the river," but after one picture they call her

Hedy LaMarr-vellous

(Condensed from Film Weekly and Modern Screen)

HEDY LAMARR has been in Hollywood over a year. Hollywood has been conscious of the fact only a few weeks. Ever since Walter Wanger previewed "Algiers," to be exact.

It is perfectly in line with Hollywood eccentricity that her own studio did not know what to do with her. Louis Mayer had put her under contract as a result of her "undress" film sensation in "Extase," but you can't make that kind of a picture in Hollywood..... so the problem was to find a vehicle to suit her talents. Then Walter Wanger asked if he could borrow a continental actress for a part in "Algiers" with Charles Boyer. She should be pretty..... very pretty.....a brunette.....she needed ever so slight an accent..... should be a modern type, but not blasé.....and above all else, she should be a lady.

That last stipulation must have put M-G-M on the right track, because even though they had worried for a year about the type of thing Hedy could appear to advantage in, it only took one look to convince them that Hedy was a lady.

Hedy had made a name for herself by appearing in a continental film swimming in her birthday suit. But when she came to America Hedy decided that all that should be left behind. She would not, she declared, be typed as the screen's first nudist. She did not wish Hollywood to publicize her private life. She did not want her film employers to cash in on the fact that she was married—and since divorced—to Fritz Mandl, the rich armaments manufacturer whose wife she became while quite a girl.

All the publicity experts could do was twiddle their thumbs and say every now and then: "M-G-M has some marvellous plans for Hedy LaMarr.....you know.....the girl who.....shhhh!"

Her lovely complexion: her intensely black hair: her charming manner, made her a favorite with the relatively few people she met. She is a beauty with all the repose, all the capacity for suffering, of a Kay Francis, and all the bubbling mischievousness of a Claudette Colbert. She has as much whimsy as a Rainer; a spice of that piquancy we all love in Margaret Sullivan, and as much self-assurance, on the screen and off it, as any Mae West. With all this she has the great gift of being a lady naturally, as though the accomplishment occasioned her no surprise and cost her no effort.

Hollywood crowds waited at the

preview of "Algiers" as they always do, on the off-chance that a few dozen stars might turn out. Hedy arrived, dressed almost entirely in black, with a large cartwheel hat. People twittered and whispered: "Who is she?"

On the way out that same night, she was mobbed by a big part of the audience. She had "gone over."

A few weeks later there was a full dress premiere of the same picture, and presumably the fans who had seen her at the preview had turned up bringing a chain of friends apiece. The crowd roared a welcome. A few months ago Hedy was not a headliner, because the only thing about her worth headlines was taboo. Now she is worth headlines because she is a "new" star.

Hedy LaMarr is the name. You pronounce the Hedy to rhyme with Lady.

She owns a chinchilla wrap and an eleven carat pure white diamond about the size of a dime and as thick as the tip of your little finger. She lives in an extremely modest little six-room bungalow which she rents furnished.

"What is all this about?" she asks. "I do not understand it. For seven months I am here, a nobody. Suddenly everybody gets excited and I am important. This I do not understand."

She lives with Ericka Manthey, a middle-aged Viennese who is a combination maid, secretary and companion. She is one of the most unaffected of all the lovely women here. There is a natural charm about her that wins your heart immediately.

But she is provocative. One moment she is every inch the sophisticate, the next unbelievably naive. One moment she is thoroughly a woman of the world, for all her youth of twenty-three years, and the next she is almost a sub-deb in her girlishness. One moment you are sure she is a clever and shrewd little person who knows all the answers, and then she will confound you by some ingenuous remark.

We were talking about the current separation of a prominent Hollywood couple, for instance, and she said, "I cannot understand this American psychology of separation without divorce. Either you love a man and live with him in complete marriage, or you do not love him and that is the end of everything. That is the way I see it."

Fifteen minutes later she was telling why she herself had married at the astonishing age of seventeen.

"I thought it would be wonderful to wear the gold ring and to have waiters address me as Frau instead of Fraulein," she candidly admitted. "When I got it, I used to fuss with my hair, pose my hand on my cheeks, anything to make sure everyone would see it."

A child playing grown-up! And

yet at that time, as the wife of the fabulously wealthy Viennese munitions maker, Fritz Mandl, she was an acknowledged leader of Austria's smart social set and already a famous Continental hostess.

She was in London before her present contract was signed. She was approached by a top executive who offered certain terms. She refused them, the discussion was closed. Then she noted the executive was returning to America on a certain boat.

"I think it is a good time for Hedy to visit her relatives in New York," she told herself. (There were no relatives, needless to say.) "I think, too; that it would be nice to take the same boat. Who knows? Something may happen. Boats are nice places and people feel pleasantly disposed to one another on them."

She caught the same ocean liner. She wore her most striking clothes. She was charming to the executive and his party. She was distant, but not too distant. Men passengers flocked around her by the score, and she took care that the fact was seen and noted.

"When I want something very much, I go after it," she explained to me. "I don't let people tell me no."

The contract, on her terms, was signed in mid-ocean. And it was there, incidentally, that she was christened LaMarr. It was easier to pronounce than her real name of Kiesler, to which some unpleasant publicity had been attached. Perhaps it was hopeful prophecy of success to match that other great beauty's, Barbara LaMarr.

Hedy was born in Vienna of well-to-do parents. As the only child she was spoiled in some respects, yet she remembers feeling the curb of sharp discipline at unexpected time. At fourteen she was sent to a private pension in Switzerland. She ran away from there because of rhubarb.

She went back to Vienna third-class because the head mistress had the guardianship of her pupils' money.

Her indulgent parents permitted her to remain. And then rued the decision, for Hedy got stage-struck. She finally landed a part in a Max Reinhardt production called "The Weaker Sex."

When that play closed and no more engagements were forthcoming, she ran away to Berlin to get in the movies. She made one or two pictures which she said were terrible. Finally after a year a family friend coaxed her back to Vienna on the pretense of a "wonderful surprise." There was no surprise but Hedy was glad of an excuse to be home again without losing face.

Before going to Berlin, however, she secretly had appeared in the picture "Ecstasy" which was to raise such a controversy and to dog her life for the next eight years and still is hounding her.

Returning to Vienna she appeared in a number of stage plays and was building a creditable reputation for herself as an actress when she married Fritz Mandl. Like herself, he was a man of strong determination. He wanted to marry Hedy and did.

For the next four years her life was lived the way Hollywood society stories are pictured. She had exquisite jewels and magnificent furs and gowns. Formal dinners over which she presided were served from plates of gold, which recently were stolen in the Vienna rioting. Seven servants waited upon her in her ten room apartment in Vienna. Others served her in the Mandl hunting lodge some miles away. She had a place in the Austrian Alps, and another on the Riviera.

It should have been a thrill for such a young girl to hold so much power in her slim hands. It wasn't; it was a bore. She wanted to be an actress. She wanted to do something herself, not be done for.

Just before going to England she divorced Mandl in the courts of Vienna on the grounds of desertion. An annulment of the marriage is now being sought in Rome.

And so to Hollywood, where she is living with one servant in a simply furnished six room bungalow, where she drives her own modest car, and does her own marketing.

The Story of a Broken Heart

In 1910 a young fellow paced nervously up and down the depot of the Denver Railroad line waiting the arrival of his bride-to-be on a Southern Pacific Express. "The train is going to be a little late," the information clerk repeated monotonously hour after hour. And so the groom-to-be fretted and fumed as he pounded a pencil on paper to voice the thoughts he felt in his heart. . . .

"All your fears are foolish fancies—maybe. Don't forget that I'm in love with you," he wrote.

The train never reached its destination. The papers next day said that most of the passengers were burned to death in the wreck—the worst tragedy in the history of the line.

Today, 28 years later, the song of a groom-to-be as he waited and wondered why his bride-to-be was late, remains the torchiest chant in the world—"Melancholy Baby." And its writer, wiry little Ernie Burnett, is still a bachelor. Outwardly he's one of our top-flight songwriters—successful, prosperous, outwardly happy-go-lucky, sound in body and mind—inwardly his heart remains in a little depot somewhere in Denver, where it was broken 28 years ago.

—Irving Hoffman in the *Hollywood Reporter.*

East . . . West . . . Home's Best . . . so say the movie producers in this . . .

New Season Movie Survey

By William R. Weaver

(Condensed from the Motion Picture Herald)

The American Motion Picture is going to stick pretty close to home during 1938-39 but that doesn't mean it'll be inactive. Some 481 of the 574 feature pictures Hollywood producers have in mind for the season, and more or less on paper will depict life as it is lived within the borders of these United States, and at least 324 of these (Westerns and declared melodramas) will be definitely on the action side. A lot of comedies, service films and aviation epics will have plenty of movement in them, too, because the word's been going around that movies have been talking too much, moving too little.

Conspicuous among the lateral observations that overtake a geographer sleuthing for clues to the probable whereabouts of the far-flung goings-on to be photographed in Hollywood is the fact that nobody's listing a story of contemporary Spain, Germany, Italy, Japan or Russia. A net total of three films use one or another of these settings, but definitely in the past tense—long past.

Now of course all that may be changed. There is nothing hard and fast about the locale of a picture until the carpenters begin building the sets. Even then it's no great trick to move the scene half way 'round the world if some particular spot on the other side of the globe starts figuring provocatively in the right kind of headlines. It's been done before and will be again. The single thing agreed upon by all the sources canvassed for the information assembled in this survey is that said information is tentative, subject to change and altogether flexible.

The Middle West seems to be taking quite a beating from East and West, for one thing. Undoubtedly something will be done about that. And there may be reasonable doubt that Hawaii is entitled to as much audience attention this year as England. After all, a lei is a lei, where England is the home of an Empire. It's a good bet, too, that more than two of the year's pictures will show the world a mythical kingdom. Some of the fancier films are still in that stage described as "starring so-and-so with a large and important cast."

That whopping statistic denoting the preponderance of production interest in the West as a setting is due in part, of course, to the numerical strength of those

active lots where the staff writers all wear spurs and sing tenor. But the West is also getting plenty of expensive exposure to the big guns that echo on metropolitan marquees. Twentieth Century-Fox, for instance, has Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda and a lot of high pitch talent for "Jesse James." Cecil B. DeMille is about to set about re-creating the epic story of "Union Pacific" for Paramount, with Joel McCrea and comparable cast associates, while MGM's Hardy Family are "Out West with the Hardy's." Somewhat later on, Warner's will have decided whom to send into "Dodge City," for which great plans are in the making, and RKO-Radio will be getting started on "Virginia City." Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon and important affiliates are a-toil on "The Lady and the Cowboy" even now. Walter Wanger has a deal with John Ford to direct a characteristically thorough production called "Stagecoach," and these are by no means all of the so known horse operas to be sung against resounding budgetary accompaniment.

Cities Mentioned in Production Plans

The cities specifically mentioned in production plannings to date, together with the number of films set for each, are:

New York	78
"A Big City"	53
"A Small Town"	40
San Francisco	16
Hollywood	8
Washington	7
Louisville	5
Miami	4
Saratoga	4
Annapolis	3
West Point	3
Chicago	2
Cleveland	2
Philadelphia	2
Reno	2
Boston, Denver, Dodge City, Kansas City, Memphis, New Orleans, Omaha, San Antonio, each	1

Naturally, not all of the 481 pictures glamorizing this nation, by numerical inference, have been tagged with the names of definite cities or states. But New York City, as always, leads all the rest of the nation's cities as favored by writers seeking a place in which to make things happen. This is no unfamiliar condition, but the rise of San Francisco in the list of popular happening places is a new manifestation. Possibly the picture of the same name had a lot to do with bringing it into the forefront of writer consciousness. Or maybe the advance publicity about the Fair did the trick. Anyway, the Big City gets its biggest break in years.

"A Big City," which usually

turns out to be New York, although Los Angeles popped up quite a few times last season, is in for the customary extensive exposure. "A Small Town" appears to be getting something of a runaround, for no reason anybody in authority saw fit to offer. Things like that, it seems, just happen, so maybe there'll be a lot more than 40 pictures staged without benefit of tall buildings.

If the Louisville and Saratoga figures look high, it's because there's going to be a lot of horse-racing on the screen this season. The race-track happens to be the only location this side of Monte Carlo where gambling can be presented as a legal adventure, a circumstance writers are finding convenient to their imaginative needs. (Besides, race tracks are becoming almost as numerous around Los Angeles as realtors used to be.)

Annapolis and West Point are neck and neck as of now as sites for Service pictures, by no means all of which will be located at either place. And this listing takes no account of the various football pictures which are quite likely to wind up on the Army or Navy gridiron. Pigskin pictures start with a pigskin, generally, and by the time the writers get through kicking it around anything can happen. Certainly, too, there'll be more than one shot of Boston, and Reno will achieve publicity, if only fleetingly, in many and many a film before year's end.

Overseas cities, likewise, will be flashed into and out of all sorts of pictures, but those listed now as principal settings for stories of known identity are:

Paris	11
London	9
Riviera	7
Shanghai	4
Honolulu	3
Algiers	2
Cairo	2
Melbourne, Istanbul, Rio, Trinidad, Stockholm, each	1

The figures on indicated types of entertainment, with melodrama second only to Westerns, embarrass a number of press releases recently issued in various guises, primarily for the purpose of getting news about motion pictures, or about one or a group of same, special attention in the public prints. One of these had it, quite recently, that musicals were dead at the box office and, therefore, on their way out. That was before "Alexander's Ragtime Band" started playing. But even then the 50 indicated in the listing in the box, which does not include a great many pictures in which songs are sung incidentally, were on the fire.

High in the list of important musicals for the coming year is MGM's "Sweethearts," now nearing completion, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy singing it. In cutting now at the

same plant is "The Great Waltz," with Luise Rainer, Fernad Gravet and a nameful cast, and coming up is the memorable "Wizard of Oz," which will have such players as Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Buddy Ebsen and Charlie Grapewin. Eleanor Powell will dance again in "Broadway Melody of 1939." Victor Herbert's "Red Mill" and "Rose of Algiers" are also set, but not cast, for MGM production.

Indicated Types of Entertainment

This year, according to present plannings, the studios are going to dish out the following kinds of entertainment in approximately the indicated doses:

Western	244
Melodrama	80
Comedy-Melodrama	73
Comedy	53
Musical	50
Service (U.S.)	27
History	21
Biography	18
Aviation	13
Spectacle	10
Turf	9
Fantasy	3
Poem	1

Warner Brothers will produce "Sally," with Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane and a representative Warner cast, and "The Desert Song" is also on their list of expansive musicals. Oddly, their list shows no "Golddiggers" for this year, although that can be remedied. RKO-Radio writers are busy on a script for "The Castles," Mrs. Irene Castle MacLaughlin sitting in with them to help keep the record straight.

Deanna Durbin is down for three singeroos (if she'll forgive it, please.) The same studio has a Bergen-McCarthy special coming up and it's a foregone conclusion that there'll be music in that. Paramount's Bing Crosby pictures —a late bulletin says he'll also make one for Universal—will be opulently tuneful, as will Jack Benny's "Artists and Models in Paris," and, no doubt, Dorothy Lamour's "Tahiti," which she will do in the usual sarong and in full color with Ray Milland alongside. "Cafe Society," vaguely defined as yet, can't fail to include a floor show.

Twentieth Century-Fox, with "Alexander" under it's belt, can be expected to turn out copiously lyrical screenfare for the season. Announced just now, as new, since product announcement time, is "Thanks for Everything," a musical by the hit-writing team of Gordon and Revell, with Adolphe Menjou, Jack Haley and, later, others. (There's a story going around that this was originally "The Average Man," previously announced as a terrific vehicle for

Eddie Cantor, whose contract went into the waste-basket the other day. No matter.) The studio will produce three Ritz Brothers musicals ("Straight Place and Show" coming first) plus two Sonja Henie films, necessarily musical, and the Temple pictures wouldn't be Temple pictures without one song.....she'll have Bill Robinson back with her in the first, "Just Around the Corner."

Sam Goldwyn's "Daring Age," which will introduce Jascha Heifitz to picture fans, will not be primarily musical, but the maestro will do some fiddling in it. Gaumont-British is to send over four Jessie Matthew's musicals, among others. Monogram's singing stars, Movita and John Carroll, will sing the Cadman light classics in "Under Northern Lights" and other tunes in "The Girl from Rio."

Another recent release that got quite a bit of circulation, proclaimed that the world is ready to laugh now, so there would be more comedies than anything else this year. This year, as every year, there will be more Western pictures than any other kind, not all big ones, a great many very small ones, but plenty to satisfy that very large sector of the American population which insists upon a certain amount of ridin' 'n' shootin'.

Naturally, all of these Westerns will be melodramas—or try to be—but they are not included under that heading in the accompanying tabulation. Indicated thereunder are only those films which are to be produced with implicit intent to excite, thrill, stimulate, mystify and hold. Included are murder thrillers, rackets exposes, cops-and-robbers chases, reportorial escapades, crime pictures generally and prison pictures—of which at least seven are in prospect—in particular.

The upswing in the Service picture department derives in about equal parts from a couple of pretty succesful ones turned out last year and from a growing consciousness of national defences. It is to be noted, though, that the boys in uniform are not going to be doing much fighting in these pictures. They'll play a lot of football, row some boats and fly some planes. The general effect is not militaristic.

There is a tinge of international amity about MGM's "Hands Across the Border," a Robert Taylor vehicle having to do with the comradely relations between students at West Point and those at Royal Military College, Ontario, Canada. The same studio will make "Soldiers Three," from the Kipling work, noting the virtues of British military men in the Queen's service. Paramount, which has "Men with Wings" finished, but as yet unseen, with Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland in flying khaki, goes to West Point for "Touchdown Army,"

and Warners have had Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, John Payne, Donald Crisp, Olivia de Haviland, George Brent and a large company on location at Pensacola and San Diego making "Wings of the Navy," and upper bracket investment.

LOCALES OF FILMS FOR 1938-39 SEASON

United States		481
West	244	
East	135	
Midwest	63	
South	39	
England		14
Hawaii		14
France		12
Oceana		12
Continental Europe		9
Africa		8
Canada		8
China		7
India		4
Mexico		4
Malaya		2
Mythical Kingdom		2
Adriatic, Mediterranean, Egypt, Philippine Islands, Far East, Morocco, Australia, Switzerland, Old Austria, each		1

David O. Selznick is finally getting around to "Gone With the Wind," which is not likely to be set into the 1938-38 group of MGM releases, and 20th Century-Fox goes even further back into American military history for "Drums Along the Mohawk," from Walter Edmond's book about the Revolution. RKO-Radio will offer "60 Glorious Years," a Herbert Wilcox pageant of English martial supremacy, starring Anna Neagle. Edward Small will produce "The Duke of West Point" for United Artists when he finds a star to substitute for the late Jack Dunn. Sam Goldwyn will cover the Philippine operations of this nation's troops in "The Last Frontier," Gary Cooper and Andrea Leeds heading the regiment. Universal is preparing a serial treatment of the Boy Scout branch of the service.

History and biography may look pretty dry in the statistics, but there's nothing dry about the plans behind the numbers. The upturn in aviation pictures is an inevitable aftermath of "Test Pilot," Hughes and Corrigan. Other figures are about normal, except that one denoting the poem. That's "Evangaline," which Republic has on its list.

20th Century-Fox contemplates expensive retelling of "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell," with the Bell of the piece not yet named, a costly recording of the "Stanley and Livingston" adventures and, now in work, "Submarine Patrol," which was Wooden Anchors" and, before that, "Splinter Fleet," a war time chronicle featuring Richard

Greene, Nancy Kelly, Preston Foster and George Bancroft. "Hudson's Bay Company" is another big one on this company's agenda.

Largely historical, and a shade biographical, is Parmount's "If I Were King," starring Ronald Colman. Paramount's "Beau Geste" is also factual in part, as is, probably in lesser part, its contemplated "Knights of the Round Table." Greta Garbo is down for an MGM portrayal of "Mme. Curie," planned as authentic throughout, and Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette" is a known quantity. MGM's "Northwest Passage" has run into storm warnings and may not be ready for release this year, but Henry Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" is a comparably substantial enterprise as yet uncast.

RKO-Radio is several weeks into "Gunga Din," a historically backgrounded military spectacle with Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen and others, shooting it out at Lone Pine, Cal., in approximation of Kipling's India. Warner Brothers' Bette Davis will portray a certain famous actress under title of "The Lady with Red Hair," while Paul Muni is exercising his distinguished talent in bringing the colorful "Juarez" to the screen. It seems probable he'll also get "The Life of Hyam Salomon" to do later on.

Hollywoodata

Unless you can prove you have $30, you can be locked up for vagrancy . . . With Hollywood friends, it's easier to raise a laugh than a loan . . . There are three women to every man . . . Most writers have the word "Private" on their doors—but Norman Krasna has "Captain" on his . . . Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, never uses taps on his shoes . . . In "The Wizard of Oz," a lot of Charlie McCarthy's relatives are going to be put to work by Mervyn LeRoy. Trees will act and talk in the picture.

Red tissue substitutes for scars in the movies . . . Garbo pours coffee on breakfast cereal, instead of milk or cream . . . One of the prettiest pair of legs in Hollywood is owned by a girl you've never heard of—Claire Meyers—whose legs are frequently used in inserts to double for those of famous stars . . . When a comic is seen going through a glass window on the screen, the window is usually made out of candy . . . Don Ameche's real name is Dominick Amici . . . One of the most beautiful sights to be seen anywhere is the blanket of lights over Los Angeles, viewed from Sunset boulevard at night.

They Say . . .

"When I was in college I wanted to study law, to learn about politics and eventually to be elected Governor of the State."

—Gail Patrick.

▪ ▪ ▪

"The motion picture industry has a distinctive place in the upbuilding of world acquaintanceship. The motion picture is not solely a commercial venture; it is not solely a means through which the world has gained a new and striking dramatic art; nor is it solely a real and effective means of popular education. Beyond all this it is a skilled and potent purveyor between nations of intellectual ideas and national ideals."

—Herbert Hoover.

▪ ▪ ▪

"When we fall in love, we don't stop to consider if life will be better or worse with the girl who has our heart in her hands; we only think life won't go on for us if we can't have her."

—Richard Dix.

▪ ▪ ▪

"I'm proud, certainly, to have kids look up to me. Nothing makes me prouder than to think that perhaps my own youngsters, John and Suzy, do just that. But it's a terrific responsibility."

—Spencer Tracy.

▪ ▪ ▪

"I always had a desire to go on the stage, to be a dancer and singer, which is ironical, because I can do neither."

—Norma Shearer.

▪ ▪ ▪

"Motion picture theatres perform a genuine public service. Not only do they provide millions of people daily with excellent entertainment, but through the newsreels and special features they enable the people to keep abreast of current affairs throughout the world."

—Norman H. Davis,
Chairman, American Red Cross.

▪ ▪ ▪

"After forty is a good time, a grand time; maybe after eighty is twice as good!"

—Irene Rich.

▪ ▪ ▪

"Donald Duck is aging fast. In fact, he's got one foot in the gravy . . . The only real movie heroes in Hollywood are the women who marry them . . . In the old days they used to show the leading man with a secretary on his knee—now they show him with a dummy on his knee."

—Mark Hellinger.

▪ ▪ ▪

"Even a movie star can't help thinking."

—Janet Gaynor.

▪ ▪ ▪

"It is better to say little and be thought a fool than to say too much and prove it."

—Laura La Plante.

"I get a kick out of playing bogey-man roles. It has its profitable side, too; screen villians last longer than handsome, sleek, well turned-out heroes."

—Boris Karloff.

▪ ▪ ▪

"I have often thought that one of the reasons why one country loses the friendship of another is because the peoples do not know one another well enough to understand any point of view but their own. In overcoming this, the film can play a great part."

—The Duke of Kent.

▪ ▪ ▪

"When I didn't have a dime for a cup of coffee I didn't think that was going to last, and sometimes I'm not so sure that this is going to last, either."

—Burgess Meredith.

▪ ▪ ▪

"I like the movies because they are educational and at the same time they accord to one exhiliration and recreation. They afford color, zest, and at times inspiration to those of us who are so deeply immersed in the realism of current difficulties and problems."

—J. Edgar Hoover,
Dept. of Justice.

▪ ▪ ▪

"I've seen a cowboy do a lot of things on a horse, but I've never seen him play a fiddle or croon."

—Tom Mix.

▪ ▪ ▪

"Naturally a guy's hairline changes when he grows up—I've never touched it. And the eyebrows—nuts! If I'd been going to fuss with them I'd have done a good job."

—Robert Taylor.

▪ ▪ ▪

"If all the lyrical poets, painters and sculptors now living were forced by law to stop writing poetry or producing art, a very small fraction of the general public would become aware of this fact and a still smaller fraction would seriously regret it. But if the same thing would happen to the movies, there would be a most gruesome of revolutions within a week."

—Professor Erwin Panofsky,
Princeton University.

▪ ▪ ▪

"I'm through being a chump!"

—Richard Arlen.

▪ ▪ ▪

"Today the motion picture is the one great dominant instrumentality for adult education and for the information of public opinion."

—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler,
Columbia University.

▪ ▪ ▪

"Acting is a great mental relaxation, but hard on the feet."

—Irvin S. Cobb.

▪ ▪ ▪

"By way of its incomparable entertainment and recreational values, the motion picture has released practically all of humanity from the dull realm of the mental shut-in."

—Fannie Hurst.

The career of the Mad Marxes has been a miniature cavalcade of the American theatre. Some of it is recalled in . . .

History Marx!

By Chico Marx

(Condensed from the New York Times)

To us Marxmen (or is it Marxians?) a United States map is just a list of towns where something happened that we try to remember or else try to forget. For instance, I remember Scranton, Pa., for I ran away from home and wound up there playing the piano in Scanlon's Cafe. For a dollar I wrestled with any volunteers. One night I threw out one of Scanlon's best-spending customers through a window. While he was being repaired I left in a hurry for Waukegan. I heard the family was in that spot. I sneaked into the theatre and, when the curtain went up on the Marxes, there was I in the orchestra pit playing the piano. They threw everything on the stage at me, even Harpo's wig. After the show I joined them and the "Marx Brothers" dated from there. Our first act was "Fun in Hi Skule." We sang, danced and played. Our madhouse routine was to be developed later.

I remember Galesburg, Ill., as the place where a vaudeville monologist donated us our names. I became Chico (Leonard, before that advent), Julius became Groucho, Arthur was translated to Harpo, Herbert changed into Zeppo and Milton was replaced by Gummo.

* * *

We had been doing so well in vaudeville we decided we deserved to have a show of our own. We wrote a stage play called "Mr. Green's Reception." We opened in January, 1919, at Battle Creek, Mich. We had forgotten to have photographs made for the lobby, but Harpo took care of that. He went down the street to another theatre and came back with a life-size framed picture of Theda Bara. We stuck that in our lobby, although we didn't actually say that Theda was in our show.

Another thing we forgot was the great "flu" epidemic, then at its worst. When the curtain went up there was $28 in the box office. We took it, went back to our hotel and got up a stud game. After looking over our contracts we decided the only thing that could save us was a serious illness. Harpo was elected to have appendicitis and was doing very well with it until the doctor reminded him that the appendix is on the right and not the left side.

We had our choice between lawsuits and war. We took the

war. Harpo and Gummo enlisted in the Army and Groucho and I went on the Army cantonment entertainment circuit. After the war Gummo decided he was through with the stage and went into the clothing business. Zeppo joined the act to keep the arithmetic straight. Now Zeppo is a theatrical agent, leaving three of us for RKO Radio's "Room Service." There, I've got that plug in, now for some more memories.

I remember the first time we played the Palace. Harpo was trying so hard he danced right off the stage and into the orchestra, ruining a cornet and a cornetist.

I remember the first time we played London, about seventeen years ago. The customers hissed, booed and threw pennies. I made a little speech reminding them that we had come a long way and the least they could do was to throw shillings. That stopped the penny shower, but the audience sat on its hands. After the show the manager apologized, saying a Coliseum audience never thought anything funny unless the performers wore red noses.

* * *

I remember Burlington, Iowa, where Jack Root, the theatre manager, fined me $5 for smoking backstage. When anybody fines a Marx, he has the whole fraternity to fight. They had to call in the Mayor to arbitrate this argument. He ruled gainst Root. But Root got even by paying us in nickels, dimes and quarters. It took so long to count that we missed our train, arrived late in the next town and were fined $25 for missing a performance. You can't make money that way.

I remember Springfield, Ohio, where Harpo volunteered to sing tenor for the illustrated song number. The manager, a music lover, immediately fined him $10.

I'll never forget Oklahoma City and the time the German tenor on the bill was fired in an economy wave. We volunteered to help him get reinstated. We worked so hard on the manager we had him crying. With tears dripping down his vest, he rehired the tenor—and fired the Marxes!

I remember once we were playing Cedar Rapids. Mama was in Chicago, having moved there from New York to give the family more central headquarters. She had heard that we were kidding our act, improvising and gagging all over the place. The night she came to the theatre Harpo discovered a beetle on the stage. He got down on all fours and started following it around the stage. The rest of us, in the same position, followed him.

That night after the show, Mama read us the riot act. We had a long way to go, she told us, before we would consider ourselves such successes that we could take liberties with our art, and besides there was our home in Chicago with a mortgage held by an un-

pleasant character named Greenbaum. "—and don't forget Greenbaum" were her parting words. From then on, "don't forget Greenbaum" was a family code phrase for maintaining order in the troupe.

I remember when we first started our madhouse style of comedy. It was at Nacogdoches, Texas. A mule began to kick a cart to pieces outside the theatre and the audience rushed out to watch. With nobody to entertain but ourselves, we burslesqued our own burlesque, racing about the stage in a frenzy until we stole the audience back from the mule. At Brownsville, Texas, we were forced to develop this style still further when the Sheriff seized all our scenery and costumes.

* * *

I'll always remember the time at East St. Louis when I was working in the audience and took off a woman's hat and put it on my head. She chased me all over the house with a beer bottle. I tried to sign her up and add her routine to our act, but she wouldn't go for it.

I remember May 7, 1915. That was the day a German torpedo sank the Lusitania. Groucho was a German dialect comedian at the afternoon show. Before the night performance he had transformed himself into a Jewish dialect comedian. Then Groucho tried plain English and found himself funnier than ever. I stuck to the Italian dialect and Harpo discarded language altogether.

There are two things I'll never forget. One is the geography of the United States, because our vaudeville and stage shows took us into every State of the Union at least twice. The other is Greenbaum.

Complete Information

Extraordinary care was taken by M-G-M in producing "Lord Jeff" to see that they did not slip up on any little detail about life in the Barnardo Homes. The United States was scoured for a boy who had recently left the famous institution. The "adviser" they eventually found was Edward Stacey who was serving on the "Queen Mary." (This in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Hobday of Toronto, who run a branch of the institution.) Stacey was whipped off to the studio where innumerable questions were fired at him. Finally, in a quiet reproving voice he asked: "Don't you want to know which side we sleep on?"

Well? How smart a Movie Fan are You?

THE Quiz game is all the rage nowadays, so for your amusement and also as a test of your movie knowledge, Movie Digest presents a Movie Quiz. There are 25 questions. Allow yourself four points for each correct answer. A total of sixty is a bare pass, 72 or over is good, 88 or over you can take over the department!

(1) How many Marx Brothers are there?

(2) What is the name of the husband that Bette Davis is currently reported to be separating from?

(3) What three stars were born in Beatrice, Nebraska?

(4) Whom did Humphey Bogart recently marry?

(5) What star started as a dancer and now has ambitions to sing in opera?

(6) Which "Dead End" kid recently announced his engagement?

(7) What famous playwright was divorced by Luise Rainer?

(8) What feminine star was born in Japan?

(9) What star just cancelled his three-year contract at a fabulous salary because he didn't like a script for his next picture?

(10) Who are Hollywood's two most famous portrayers of "dumb" women?

(11) Who do the press agents claim is Clark Gable's current romantic interest?

(12) What is the name of Errol Flynn's Schnauzer pup?

(13) Which two famous stars were born in Helena, Montana?

(14) What two singing comedians hail from the Ozark mountains?

(15) What Broadway actor recently became a film star in his first screen appearance?

(16) Who is Oliver Hardy's new screen partner?

(17) Who was suspended for refusing to play a role in "St. Louis Blues"?

(18) What former world's champion has just signed a long-term contract as a comedian?

(19) What popular player played the same role in "Robin Hood" with Errol Flynn as he did years ago when Douglas Fairbanks filmed the story?

(20) What was the first all-talking feature picture?

(21) Who was "Mickey Maguire" who appeared in a series of comedies a few years ago?

(22) What was the name of the late Jean Harlow's stand-in who took her place for the few remaining scenes in her last picture?

(23) What is Jack Oakie's real name?

(24) What famous stage, screen and radio star's real name is Bernard Anzelvitz?

(25) What was the name of the last picture starring Virginia McMath and Frederick Austerlitz?

(Answers on Page 80)

There's very little that a sound technician can't do nowadays, so that really . . .

Don't Believe a Thing You Hear!

By Hal D. Crain

(Condensed from Musical America)

Recently, I have seen several pictures in which some of the musical sequences were intriguing, so I decided to gather a layman's information on the manner in which music, or sound, is made in the studio, and how it is finally hooked up with the film.

Very seldom is the actual recording of musical numbers made simultaneously with the shooting of the picture. Out-of-doors scenes, the impracticability of having an orchestra on the set, the action of the singers, etc., make separate takes much more efficient.

To illustrate, suppose Gladys Swarthout is the heroine and one of her most exciting scenes reaches a climax in a song with orchestral accompaniment. Rarely would the recording and filming be done at the same time, depending upon locale, action and stage sets. Furthermore, few singers are able to "look pleasant" on high B flats, although Miss Swarthout does not happen to be in this list. The solos in Miss Swarthout's recent success, "Romance in the Dark," were sung with full orchestra, in the same manner in which she would sing in a radio studio. But for reasons of balance, the technicians may have the singer stand fifteen or twenty feet away, singing into a separate "mike," or she may even make a recording through a separate channel, which is later dubbed with the orchestral track.

Or, perhaps the orchestral track has been made previously. To a play-back of this record for accompaniment, the singer will make her own vocal track, which will then be synchronized with the orchestral track; thereby, giving the same effect as though she had sung with the orchestra direct.

The syncing of two separate sound tracks—vocal and orchestral—is accomplished in the central recording studios.

The engineer takes the two sound films, places them on separate machines that are controlled by a central dynamo. In this way, he is able to control the volume and obtain the desired musical effects. It may be that the voice needs to be submerged in one place, or brought out in another, or vice-versa, as the case my be. When the desired effects are established, the two recordings are then placed on a single sound track, which is, in reality, a narrow strip of film, and you have the effect of your singer performing with a fifty-piece orchestra, as she is heard in the theatre.

Of course, this is only a temporary dubbing, to be used as a playback in filming. The final relationship between voice and orchestra is edited to suit the picture when it is finished. For instance: suppose the singer begins her song in the distance, gradually approaching the foreground. The sound must be regulated to suit the perspective.

Now that the two sound tracks have been synchronized and dubbed, we are ready for the filming of the picture. The set is made ready and the star appears. Only the cameras are working this time. To a playback of the sound film, our heroine enacts her scene as though she were really singing. Perhaps she does sing softly, or she may sing exactly as she did when she made the recording. This is necessary in order that the mouth position and throat action correspond with the action which took place when the sound track was made.

Perhaps three cameras are working when the scene is shot, and only after the picture is edited and the director decides to use a "close-up" or one of greater perspective, is the final synchronization of voice and orchestra made. There must always be the proper relationship between volume and perspective.

With the film completed, we now have two separate films—one a sound, and the other a photograph track. One has been made without film and the other without sound. In uniting these two into a movietone, another interesting problem arises.

The pictures are nothing more nor less than a series of "stills," each still constituting a "frame." In the theatre, the film runs through the projector at the rate of ninety feet a minute, or one and a half feet a second. If light and sound travelled at the same rate of speed, and both the sound and film tracks were projected to the screen simultaneously from the same level, the two tracks would be exactly parallel. But for mechanical reasons that make for greater efficiency, the two tracks are projected to the screen at different levels, which happen to be just nineteen frames apart.

To explain: suppose our hero is making ardent love to the heroine. With his hand over his heart, he sings, "I love you," on a high B flat and finishes the scene with the latest approved Hollywood kiss. Since the film projector is nineteen frames above the sound machine, the words "I love you" must be nineteen frames in advance of the film that records the action to these words, in order for a perfect sync at point of projection. But what about the difference in rate of speed for sound and light? By actual experiment, it has been determined that the difference amounts to the space of two frames, gauged to the center of the average theatre. Hence there is always the difference of

twenty-one frames in the finished movietone.

So much for the actual music reproduction. But there are other sound effects-conversation, the hum of an airplane motor, an automobile, horses' hoofs, and many other sound effects that are necessary to the finished picture. Dialogue is generally made simultaneously with the filming, but rarely are sound effects recorded on the set.

This does not mean that whenever a scene calls for the sound of a train, an earthquake, or whatnot, that sound tracks of these must be acquired for each effect. Each studio maintains a vast library of sound effects that have been previously recorded. The Director merely indicates what type of sound he wishes, and the proper reels of films are brought from the library. These are taken into the dubbing department, which is in reality a large room, with a screen in one end and various mechanical devices in the other. The film is shown on the screen until the recording engineer becomes familiar with the situation for which he is to add the sound effect. Then, simultaneously with the projection of the film, he runs a sound track on another machine, regulating the dynamics until he considers it satisfactory; whereupon, the two tracks are doubled, or in studio parlane "dubbed."

But suppose a picture shows a character running into a room, but no footsteps are heard. The operator then calls in a man and syncs the sound to the action. This is done by having the substitute actor watch the film, and on an improvised floor, measure his stride to that of the character in the film. It is possible for the operator to dub in as many as twelve different sound effects—none of which was recorded when the picture was shot.

To the movie fan, dubbing, whereby the studio is able to substitute the work of an unknown artist for that of the star, is most exasperating. In the studio it is a mechanical problem, pure and simple. The story calls for a song by the hero who does not sing—or perhaps his vocal maestro has not been able to teach him the ditty in the allotted two or three weeks. So a vocalist is brought in and makes the recording.

When the story unfolds to the point of the song, the star who has learned the words, tempo and rhythm, goes through his number, guided by a play-back which the vocalist has made. When these two tracks—sound and film—have been properly dubbed, the movie fan is convinced that his favorite star is a first-rate warbler; whereas, he may be gravel-throated like Andy Devine. If the studios were not so careful in choosing a voice to fit the character of the star, there would be nothing to prevent Gary Cooper,s being a basso profundo in one picture, and a lyric tenor in another production.

A picture that is certain to fool a large public is 'Stolen Heaven,' a recent Paramount release, starring Lewis Stone, Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna. Music of Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Tchaikovsky and others is used, and unlike the making of pictures not strictly musical, the music was recorded first. You will see Stone at the piano playing a Liszt rhapsody. While you will not see his hands actually moving over the keys, the illusion is so perfect that you are convinced he must be an accomplished pianist.

The truth is that the numbers he plays were recorded by three different pianists. Max Rabinowitch made some of the recordings, but had to go on tour with Igor Gorin before the film was finished. Ignaz Hilsberg was called in and did some more playing, and then one day when he was not available, Ray Turner, Paramount staff pianist, completed the job. Raymond is shown in the picture playing the violin; but as he does not play John Pennington, Paramount's concertmaster, and former leader of the London String Quartet, did the playing. To make the illusion complete Raymond actually took lessons in holding the fiddle and in the fingering of the number you will think he is playing. Likewise, when you hear Miss Bradna scaling the vocal heights, you will be listening to the voice of Francia White, radio and light opera soprano. All these numbers have been dubbed, the stars following faithfully Shakespeare's injunction to "suit the action to the word."

The Director's Job

"A movie audience is imaginative enough to supply greatness to any performance, provided the character is believable in the first place. But when the character just isn't the type, the whole performance loses credibility. My theory is that any intelligent player of experience can give a believable portrayal in any role within the limits of the player's appearance, if the director knows his job. And credit for this belongs largely to the audience. I don't mean to minimize the value of good acting, of course. I mean only that in the movies good acting isn't enough if the player doesn't look the type. A high degree of acting ability isn't necessary in the movie, either. Give me a player who looks the type and whose performance is adequate, from an acting standpoint, and I'll be satisfied."

—Director Henry Hathaway.

There is a new order of heroines in Hollywood, the violent combative kind; now they have to have . . .

Socks Appeal

(From Cavalcade)

Six years ago, in a film called "Lady Killer," a small, pugnacious little Irishman named James Cagney hurled a grapefruit at feminine-lead Mae Clarke, started the film "war" between men and women, rocketed to fame on his ability to knock his leading ladies out.

Recently, to the uninitiated film-goer, it has seemed that the ladies were getting the best of the "war"—witness Carole Lombard socking Frederic March in "Nothing Sacred."

But an expert on the fist-slinging racket, ex-boxer-now-film-star Maxie Rosenbloom, doesn't think that the women have been doing so well.

Slapsie Maxie, as he is affectionately known in sporting circles, recently delivered a little lecture to reporters on the subject.

Orated Maxie—"I've b e e n watching the women let go at the men in a lot of pictures lately, and you can quote me that not many have done any real damage to the victims.

"None of these dames could hurt a fly, because they ain't trained right, see?—I seen—I saw Olivia de Havilland hang one on Patrick Knowles, who has a brittle chin if ever I saw one, when they was making 'Four's a Crowd,' which is about as many as that fight would draw.

"If I was training Miss de Havilland I'd have her skipping a rope two hours a day. Then she could knock him out from under his accent, which I don't think much of anyhow.

"I worked in a picture called 'Nothing Sacred' with Carole Lombard. She seems to pack a pretty good left, which might hurt if she kept her rings on, but which I could absorb without the flutter of an eyelash.

"I hear Claudette C o l b e r t dropped one on Gary Cooper in 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,' but I missed it. If that little lady really socked that big palooka she can have my vote as an Acedamy winner any day. I'll bet they stood her on a box so she could reach his chin.

"I just saw Israel Jeans, she's English, sock Ian Hunter, with Kay Francis looking on, for a comedy scene in 'Secrets of an Actress.' And how! But it was a back-handed slap, and would have got her in trouble with a blind referee, which most of them are. With a little training, though, she could have made a clean sweep of Mr. Hunter, and stayed within the rules.

"I don't suppose I'll be asked to

train any of these lovely ladies, but as I told Eddie Robinson—he plays with me in the 'Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse'—as I told him one day when we were talking to Claire Trevor, our leading lady, 'There's a dame—I mean a lady—who looks like a natural fighter.' If Miss Trevor hit me as hard as it looks like she could, I'd probably want to fight back. But if you're going to be an actor you've got to learn not to, except in matters of salary."

▪ ▪ ▪

By Jesse L. Lasky
(Condensed from Film Weekly)

With a feeling of deep sadness I have reached the conclusion that the romantic type of leading men are gone from the screen, and that the young women of today, who constitute a large majority of filmgoers, much prefer the more brutal type of heroes.

This seems to me to be a real loss to the screen—a medium of expression which had its origin and greatest success in the creation of romantic illusions.

Today it is extremely difficult to interest feminine audiences in Don Juans of a gentlemanly character. They prefer the screen hero who can give, as well as take, blow for blow. There is only the remotest possibility of developing again stars of the class of the once phenomenally popular Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino and John Gilbert in his heyday.

These actors typified Romance. They were the knights-errant who filled the aching void that Nature imposes on all women, irrespective of age and race. In former days it would have been cinema suicide for any film actor to be shown hitting a woman or being disrespectful to her, whatever the provocation. Now it is considered box-office suicide to present a hero who cannot maltreat a woman before the end of the second reel.

Underlying causes for this passing of the Reids and Valentinos are simple to analyse and understand. In the first place, I believe that women through the influence of the economic situation are largely responsible.

Feminine enterprise in the field of commerce and industry has had the effect of turning men from lovers and protectors into competitors. Through close working contact with men, women are more than ever aware of the fallibility of the "stronger" sex, and so it has become difficult for any girl in this modern age to believe sincerely in the chivalry of men.

Another reason for the change is the era of literary realism through which we are passing. The romantic novel is a thing of the past.

There has always, of course, been a place on the screen for actors like Chester Morris, Spencer Tracy and Wallace Beery, who typify dramatic real life characters.

I fervently hope that a radical change will occur and that the

romantic type will come back into prominence.

The male star of the future will, however, differ from the types immortalized by Reid and Valentino, for there appears little hope of a complete change back to chivalry. He will be a man innately chivalrous, yet capable of vigorous action when the need arises. Above all, he will have respect for women.

The fate of the romantic type of screen hero must rest with women filmgoers. So long as women exult in watching an actor slapping, kicking and pushing an actress, so long will that male type dominate the screen.

It is for the women to decide.

It was Mack Sennett, not Jules Verne, who awakened Uncle Herbert to . . .

20,000 Legs Beside the Sea

By John Russell McCarthy

(Condensed from Saturday Night, Los Angeles)

One of the noblest things Mack Sennett ever did was to awaken Uncle Albert to the beauty of the female human knee. Uncle Albert grew lyrical when he saw his first bathing beauty picture. But the crowning and ultimate glory came when Mack Sennett, bless his kind heart, actually sent his bathing beauties, in the flesh and blood, on tour.

Uncle Albert was a wise man and careful. He thought that his beloved wife, Aunt Hettie, looked peaked, poor soul, and needed a week in the country. Forty miles he drove old Sam, the one-eyed horse, conveying Aunt Hettie to Long Valley, where there were no trains. Forty miles home Uncle Albert and old Sam trotted. Old Sam recovered three months later. Uncle Albert never did.

For three beautiful and unimaginable evenings Uncle Albert sat in the front row at the Grand Opera House. With him were Jonathan Holsopple, Adam Bloom and Grandpa Everhart. Steve Liebkin always began the evening with the other boys, but Steve was not well and eventually had to relinquish his seat. When he returned another bald head was always in his place and Steve had to stand at the rear, from which distance the lovely legs seemed to run together.

The bathing girls who came to town were indeed beautiful. Uncle Albert, who was somewhat of a wag, had seen gorgeous ladies in

Bob Taylor spent two months in England, but has to admit that . . .

He Didn't See Much of It

ONE of the penalties of making your first trip abroad, Robert Taylor has discovered, is that you never stop answering questions about it. Friends who have been there before you want to know whether you saw the same places they did and incidentally delight in telling you everything you missed. Friends who haven't been there want to know your reactions to things they've read about. And if you're Robert Taylor, you're expected to have had experiences which would never happen to anyone else.

Well, Taylor did. Now, having been home a while and entered into the old familiar routine, some of those experiences already seem like a dream, he admits. Other occurrences are taking on that exaggeratedly rosy hue which they invariably do in constant re-telling. But all about his new Chatsworth ranchhouse are souvenirs of England and the Continent to refresh his memory as to what actually did take place during that four months of hard work and hectic travel.

There's the cigarette lighter in the shape of an armored knight that Dorothy and Irene Bridal, twin sisters from Camberwell, gave him as memento of their successful wait to see him first at Waterloo Station and then at Claridge's when he first arrived in London. They were among the very few fans who actually met and talked to him during the first day or two of his arrival.

There's a complete set of photographs of the fifteenth century farmhouse that was his home at Lane End, Buckinghamshire, throughout his British stay. The life he led there much in the manner of an English country squire must have suited him, for on his return he closed up his former Beverley Hills home and moved out to the San Fernando Valley ranchhouse which had been built for him during his absence.

Around the house there are other momentoes: menus, programs, sailing lists; knickknacks from Paris and Stockholm; clothes he bought in London; shoes he had made there.

Perhaps needless to say, his experiences as an "innocent abroad" weren't exactly as he had envisioned them before he left. He had thought of himself sauntering through the countryside, exploring historic and ruined castles, eating his lunch in picturesque country inns with thatched roofs, seeing the old fishing villages of Devon and Cornwall or driving up to Scotland for a little shooting. Actually, he never got any farther north than Oxford and the only time he rode south of London

was when he boarded the boat train for Southampton and the voyage home.

If you were to set him down at Hyde Park Corner, he still wouldn't know what direction to take to get to Leicester Square. Apart from that first arrival at Waterloo, when police rushed him out of the station via a milk-can lift, so that the mob of fans wouldn't trample one another, his view of London was restricted to two hurried trips to the doctor, for a minor operation on his eye, to a single Saturday night round of some of the night spots, to a vain attempt to do some shopping in Regent Street, and to an additional day at Claridge's before leaving for Culver City.

From Col. Fred Cripps' Moor Farm, where Taylor was living at Lane End, it's a fourteen-mile drive to Alexander Korda's London Films plant at Denham, where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Studios were renting space. Each day, Bob would get up at 6 a.m., take a cold tub, dress, saddle one of the Cripps hunters and take a short canter through the fields and beechwoods of the Chiltern Hills country. Then breakfast of cereal and bacon and eggs—the cook eventually was taught to turn out very presentable hotcakes—plus a glass of orange juice and coffee which the star wisely insisted on brewing for himself, and he was off to work. For the first few weeks, Jones, the Welsh chauffeur, took the wheel. Then the star rented a second-hand low slung British roadster, and with a red letter "L" (for "learner") attached to the license plates front and rear, he braved the rigors of driving on the left side of the road along country lanes down which the flock of Austin and Morris owners don't hesitate to clip along at 50 and 60 miles an hour, and thenceforth drove for himself.

Fan's Reward

Joan Crawford's chauffeur noticed a young girl hanging around the Waldorf-Astoria for several hours when Joan was in New York, and finally the chauffeur struck up a conversation with the girl. She told him she had taken every cent she could scrape together to come down from Connecticut just to see Joan in the flesh. The chauffeur felt sorry for the fan and went to the star's suite and told her about the girl. Joan said bring her up, but when the chauffeur reached the street again the girl had vanished. That night as Joan was entering her car to go to a theatre the chauffeur again saw the girl and pointed her out. Joan had her brought to the car, took her in, and took her to the theatre with her.

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Censorship differs in various ceountries so that the movie producer never knows when some enthusiastic censor will say . . .

You Can't Show That!

(From Cavalcade)

NATIONAL tastes in film censorship these days are about as varied as women's tastes in clothes. Producers are more and more harassed by political or moral taboos.

Britain is no exception to the censorship rule, and, made desperate by a quarter century of plot cutting, film producers in this country are devising means to get past censorious scissors by stealth.

One British director, upon receiving the opinion that a particularly fruity bedroom scene would almost certainly be scrapped, replied that the scene was there for that very purpose, while others, slyly inserted, would probably pass, under the barrage of moral indignation provoked by the scape-goat.

Greatest problem confronting producers all over the world is how to make films to satisfy the greatest number of screen audiences and censors.

British public would not be particularly provoked by a film showing a white man beating up a coolie in Shanghai in a drunken rage, but Chinese audiences would resent it, might even riot against any whites present.

Movie taboos increase daily. In America, a constant reminder must be served to audiences that crime does not pay. Impossible in the crime-riddled States would be a film with a Raffles, living comfortably on his unlawful hauls, who did not go to gaol—even for a few months for non-payment of a dog license—at the conclusion of the film. For America suspects that not a few of its public enemies have got a tip or two from celluloid crime.

Even more worrying to executives is the growing nationalistic tendency. If a Japanese is made villian of a film, the film is promptly banned in Japan and a diplomatic protest forwarded.

Close-ups of kissing are also banned in Japan—they are considered obscene. Nor is anything savouring of revolution allowed—"The General Died at Dawn" and many other popular British favourites would have come under that particular axe. Cut on sight are films permitting hostility to royalty or police. A Japanese audience will show uneasiness when a man is shown opening a door for a woman; such politeness might put ideas in the heads of Japanese women.

Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany present like problems for movie makers. Germany has almost disappeared from the market because of "non-Aryans" who directed, or

acted in, or composed the music for foreign films. Chaplin has been cast out, all Germans in Hollywood were ordered to return to the Fatherland. Some refused, among them Marlene Dietrich.

Italy specifies an Italian character must never be a villain or a figure of fun. One word of Italian in the mouth of an actor in foreign films automatically disqualifies the film in Italy. Tullio Carminati, and several American spaghetti-comedians suffer.

Scandinavian countries dislike horror films. Dracula and a few Walt Disney efforts have been barred.

Tolerant France objects only to a slur on the French nation as a whole.

Mexico, after a break with the Catholic Church, will have no mention of religion. Refugees kneeling after the "San Francisco" earthquake were deleted there.

Suicide is taboo in Quebec, also intimate marriage scenes.

The best example of international censorship at work can be seen in the treatment of Fritz Lang's magnificent lynch law indictment, "Fury."

In the United States it went over well.

In Hungary it was banned on the ground that "lynching scenes may have an exciting and destructive effect." Japan struck out mob scenes, the storming of the prison, and the stoning of the prisoner.

Java declined it because "it presented mob demonstrations against law and order." Singapore turned it down. The British Censor cut out one scene—a religious one.

Hollywood Odds and Ends

It costs an average of $10,000 a day to make a picture.....In addition to his other talents, Rudy Vallee can paint portraits.....Extras get paid $25 a day to scream for stars who don't want to strain their vocal cords.....The most desirable type of girl for pictures is a blonde with brown eyes (provided she also has the other requirements).....Wood doubles for iron in the movies, because iron doesn't photograph like iron.....Connie Bennett has a beauty parlor in her home.....A pet shop on Hollywood boulevard has a sign in the window reading: "Do not rap on the window—the monkeys do not need entertainment".....Movie directors do not wear riding breeches and puttees. Cecil B. DeMille, one of the few who ever did wear them, alibied that his arches were weak and his feet hurt him after standing in ordinary shoes for hours on end.....Mae Murray still gets billing on an apartment house in Hollywood. —*Tales of Hoffman.*

It's only a matter of some forty-odd years since movies began, and here's a brief . . .

Movie Cavalcade

By Terry Ramsaye

Editor, Motion Picture Herald, author of "A Million and One Nights"

The motion picture equipment of the dawn era—the Edison peep show Kinetoscope of 1894, and its picture which reached the screen through Armat's projector in 1895—about compares with the sort of hand press that served such publishers as Ben Franklin in Colonial America, a full two centuries ago.

The first studio was the "Black Maria" made of tar paper and sticks at West Orange, N.J., in 1893 at a cost of $634.00. It was the ancestor of today's billion dollar production plant.

The real beginning of the industry of the screen was that now classic occasion of the week of April 20, 1896, when the Vitascope, the projection machine embodying the principles dominant in the mechanisms of today, presented a brief program of short pictures as a number on the bill of Koster & Bial's Music Hall in New York's Herald Square, on a site held now by the Macy department store. The annals have been confused by many because the machine was the invention of Thomas Armat of Washington, D. C., but was manufactured and presented by Thomas A. Edison. The reasons are several and complex, among them the fact that Mr. Edison, entirely aware of screen potentialities, had been reluctant to take the motion picture out of the peep show stage, which his sales department was finding profitable at the moment. Showmanship, expressing public demand, ever the ruling force, brought Armat's machine out of a year's storage in a Washington basement and forced the pioneering of today's dominant entertainment medium.

The new born screen was a means of saying, but it had nothing much to say. It was still in the hands of the inventors and machinists. At the end of the first year of production at the Black Maria a total of about $1,100 had been spent on negatives. Mr. Edison opposed further investment because "the people haven't all seen the pictures we have now." In the light of today's abundance, and double bills, his entirely too logical viewpoint seems the more amusing.

So it was inevitable that until the screen acquired more important things to present, its initial pictures being but bits of vaudeville acts and snatches of scenery, waves, waterfalls and—hit of hits

—pictures of speeding trains, it could be only a part of a show—a component of the variety shows, which were being uplifted into entertainment for the whole family and rechristened "vaudeville" just at this period.

These spectacularly successful pictures of the period come to mind. First was a brief record of Annabelle-the-Dancer in her silken serpentine number. Almost as important among the hits was a fifty-foot production showing Sandow, the famous strong man, lifting weights and knotting his muscles. He did the picture for publicity's sake, but when that negative was worn out, his agent, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the Great Ziegfeld of years to come, demanded payment; so there was no re-take. All the first artists of the screen were paid with lunch and carfare to West Orange. In sheer thrill the best of the pictures was "The Empire State Express," crack New York Central train, which tore into the scene and shot out over the head of the camera. Audiences frequently ducked en masse when the Empire came silently thundering at them. As ever this hit was the source of a cycle, a cycle at the time consisting of two pictures. It had been made by the American Biograph & Mutoscope Company, which was rising in competition with Edison. Whereupon the Edison plant replied with an identical picture of "The Black Diamond Express."

The motion picture was for nearly a decade still confined to a spot on the vaudevillle bill and the occasional show in a black tent of fairs and carnivals. By 1903 the business was at low ebb. Edwin S. Porter of McConnelsville, Pa., an electrician from the navy, employed as a cameraman by the Edison establishment, was beginning to worry about his job. He was thinking about switching to the automobile business which began to look as if it might be something. Under the pressure of necessity Mr. Porter went deliberately at inventing new thrills. He had observed the popularity of fire engine pictures, so he built a little story about the fire chief's dream, a sudden alarm, a run to the rescue, and lo, the fireman saved his own wife, baby, and home.

"The Life of an American Fireman" did so well that Mr. Porter, who had been making a commercial advertising picture of Phoebe Snow on the Road of Anthracite, borrowed a train from the Lackawanna and made "The Great Train Robbery." It was the first "western." The locations were mostly in Essex Park, New Jersey.

"The Great Train Robbery" was a tremendous hit. It was made in 1904 and by mid-season of 1905 it was all over the world. Thanksgiving week of that year the late John R. Harris of Pitts-

burgh having an empty room on his hands, and an idle piano, opened a theatre to be devoted entirely to the art of the motion picture. It was a daring step indeed. Its first program was that celebrated masterpiece in nine hundred feet, "The Great Train Robbery." It played to capacity and standing room at five cents admission, at the rate of about four shows an hour, night and day. It set the showmen of the country aflame with interest and launched the "Nickelodeon" theatre wave in motion. In less than a year there were 3,000 such little theatres, most called "store shows" by reason of their utilization of vacant shops.

The screen had escaped the thralldom of vaudeville. Motion pictures were founding a home of their own.

Patent wars between Edison and an array of infringers beset the industry, but were settled at last in 1909, with the licensing of all film makers in the United States and the formation of General Film Company, which was the united market outlet at its peak supplying 54 single reel pictures a week, enough program to support two competing theatres in any location, a total of 2,808 separate productions a year. A typical show was an hour long, typical admission a dime.

Players were yet unknown, anonymous. The public had to find and make the stars, Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence, the first to win individual acclaim, are today all but unknown. Following upon them came Biograph's "Little Mary," who was not to have her name exploited until Carl Laemmle's Universal Film Manufacturing Company lured her away from "the trust" and announced her as "Mary Pickford." only a year or so later the public also discovered in Keystone comedies, also an "independent" product, a funny little cuss with baggy pants, a bamboo cane and a nonchalantly dumb but clever manner, presently admitted and even at last advertised to be Charlie Chaplin.

The motion picture had about reached its ceiling of the era that began with the nickelodeon when ambitious efforts, originating in Europe, with long multiple reel productions, about 1910-12 aimed the screen at a new audience, encroaching on the domain of the stage. Significant among them was "The Durbar" pictured in India by Charles Urban with his Kinemacolor process and "Quo Vadis," a dramatic spectacle made in Italy with American capital. In 1912 Adolph Zukor, an exhibitor, and one time treasurer of Marcus Loew's organization, imported "Queen Elizabeth," feature length drama starring Sarah Bernhardt, and addressed himself at a policy of making the motion picture provide "an evening's entertainment."

After a three years' struggle be-

tween policies "program" lost and "feature" won. Then arose in this period the development of the greater motion picture theatre, starting substantially with the Strand on Broadway. The great era of the silent period and stardom ensued. The first great American picture of this era was "The Birth of a Nation" made by the D. W. Griffith who, as director at Biograph some years before, had started Miss Pickford on her way to fame.

The number of theatres, which had reached an approximate 21,000, began to decrease as larger more imposing theatres arose. A grandiose policy of theatrical housekeeping with uniformed ushers, velvet carpets and much begilded elegance spread from the influence of Samuel L. Rothafel on Broadway. Along with this came great pipe organs, and in metropolitan theatres imposing orchestras. Star names multiplied, many skilful directors arose. A special art of title writing evolved. Picture investments climbed until the hundred thousand dollars that represented the cost of "The Birth of a Nation" was less than the typical cost of a first class feature picture. Materials and skills were becoming valued as refinements progressed.

In 1927-28 again came technological revolution with sound, commonly dated from Warner's presentation of "Don Juan" with synchronized sound and "The Jazz Singer," first film with dialogue.

Lavishness swept upward in a rapidly rising curve. Today it is a commonplace of Hollywood budgeting to find a picture costing ten times as much as "The Birth of a Nation," and many have cost and will be costing many times more.

Meanwhile, remember that the national average admission price for a seat at the movies is 22 cents.

Just as the newspaper with its increasing services of world coverage, tremendous improvements in printing, rotogravure, color, pictures, have so vastly multiplied in values to the buyer without increases in price, so has the motion picture poured the public's millions back into better theatres, better entertainment, better art.

Often the movies are twitted about their favorite phrase, "bigger and better," but down the years they *have* been. And there has been a great deal of comedy about that classic title: "Came the Dawn," but in movieland it always does, with a new era.

Ernie Holst at the Glass Hat is telling about the producer who said his new mystery picture was so sensational "it scared him INTO his wits!"—*Hollywood Reporter.*

What happens when the film folk get together for a binge among themselves? Well, here's . . .

How Stars Act at Parties!

By "A.T."

(in "The Picturegoer")

When the big names of Hollywood get together for a party among themselves, away from the almost never-ending spotlight of publicity, they reveal accomplishments as party entertainers which would surprise many of their fans. Garbo, for instance, does not always want to be alone, and on at least two occasions has made a hit telling Irish stories, complete with Swedish-Celtic brogue. At another party she panicked the guests with an impersonation of a sweet young thing attending her first prize fight.

They always try to get Janet Gaynor to throw off her restraint and demureness and perform her hula dance, which is famous wherever the movie folk get together. Janet is one of Hollywood's very best undulators.

Dixie Dunbar is a contortionist, and can tie herself in a bowknot without disarranging her orchids or tearing her evening gown.

Almost all the stars are accomplished at giving imitations of each other, but a few excel in this parlor divertissement. Such imitations, of course, are never flattering, and it is not good form to burlesque any of the guests present. Jane Withers does marvellous imitations of Garbo, Mae West and Martha Raye on request, but it takes a lot of coaxing to get her to perform her devastating burlesque of Shirley Temple. After all, they both work for Darryl Zanuck, and there might be complications.

Janet Gaynor, when not undulating, is also an accomplished mimic. The Ritz Brothers could probably be sued successfully by everybody in Hollywood for the impersonations they have given at one party or another.

Frank Morgan's specialty is to imitate Adolphe Menjou imitating John Barrymore. Tilly Losch does a Garbo and a Crawford act, while Gloria Swanson almost unconsciously imitates anyone she happens to be talking about at the time. Sonja Henie's most famous skating act is her famous dying swan number, and she has a marvellous burlesque of it, without skates, which is reserved for "the gang."

Villainous John Carradine, with or without urging, will declaim some of Shakespeare's sultrier sonnets. Charles Laughton is another reciter, but he takes it seriously. His specialties are Lincoln's Gettys-

burg Address, and the prayer to the sea from "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Joseph Calleia does Harry Lauder impersonations, while Arthur Treacher has a wide reputation for singing the Noel Coward and Dwight Fiske type of ditties. If Jeanette MacDonald is around there'll probably be a real old-fashioned sing-song. Joan Crawford tries to be highbrow, but can't resist "Melancholy Baby." Anita Louise plays the harp. Nelson Eddy and Frank Forrest both torture guests by having them make home-recordings. James Stewart plays music on wine glasses with spoons. Clark Gable has a routine of rope tricks, while William Powell can always be counted on to liven up proceedings by producing hilarious typographical errors from every pocket.

The parlor magicians include Warner Baxter, Milton Berle and Chester Morris. Robert Montgomery always has a couple of mechanical tricks in his pockets.

Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden do stunts with cards, while Claire Trevor usually brings her own entertainer in the person of her old Filipino houseboy, Marcalo Canania, who was a professional magician for fifteen years.

Hollywood's parlor games are just like the ones you and I play. Helen Broderick specializes in "In the Manner of the Word" which is just a fancy name for Charades. The cinema big shots played Post Office at a recent party staged by Una Merkel. It made a big hit, in spite of a lot of simulated complaints about having to kiss people outside of working hours.

Virginia Bruce recently entertained a distinguished group of writers and stars . . . and the hit of the party was a good old-fashioned spelling bee. Musical Chairs is another popular favorite, usually pepped up by a little betting on the side.

Among the skill games, a great favorite is pitching cards into a hat about eight feet away. Fred MacMurray is particularly adept, and averages about forty in the hat from a deck of fifty-two cards.

Carole Lombard and Bette Davis both like to get a game of Murder going. The younger group, which includes such players as Paula Stone, Tom Brown, Patricia Ellis, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs, Ida Lupino, Anne Shirley and the rest of the starlet group have a favorite game they play with cards and spoons. There is one less spoon than there are players. The cards are dealt, and the first to get three-of-a-kind yells "Spoon!" and grabs. Everybody grabs, but somebody doesn't get a spoon, and he has to ante up a dollar to the communal kitty.

His favorite exercise is breathing, and his biggest disappointment is his face but everybody howls at . . .

Busy Bob Benchley

(From M-G-M Shortstory)

WHAT this country needs is a terrific merry-go-round, big enough so you could get on in New York and get off in Hollywood, with a calliope roaring every step of the way and a horse that knows how to typewrite.

This would do for the summer months. In the winter a simple system of downhill canals, equipped with reversible gondolas and drawn by three prancing minks, would work wonders.

It might not work wonders for the average railroad engineer but it would be right down Robert Benchley's personal alley. America's favorite commuter spends six months of each year in Hollywood and six in New York City. The remaining six months, he estimates, he spends gazing out of windows of trains, autos and airplanes, waiting in vain for the man to come around and change the scenery.

While he is in Hollywood he dodges expertly down side streets, ducking representatives of New York magazines who want the latest instalment he promised three months ago.

In New York he lives mostly in the underground, eluding representatives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, constantly after him to pry him loose from the last three shorts he promised to deliver just before he left Hollywood.

If they would give him his canals and his merry-go-round, Benchley thinks the new mode of travel would probably broaden him so that he could satisfy everybody concerned.

The merry-go-round horse, which he has tentatively nicknamed Burjer, after a favorite character whose name he has forgotten, would do the typing, if he knew what was good for him.

The minks would be relied upon, he hopes, to keep perfectly quiet while he thinks. They could prance, if that was what they wanted, but they'd have to keep quiet.

Given what he wants, Benchley insists he could finish the year with his schedule blamelessly up-to-date. His schedule includes a three-way Hollywood contract which calls for him to write shorts, act in them, and be a commentator on sound track while the shorts are being run off.

In New York his schedule includes a contract to act as dramatic critic to *The New Yorker*, and to furnish a dazzling amount of essays to a half dozen nationally circulated magazines.

In between times, Hollywood's triple-threat man is often called

upon to act in feature pictures. While resting, this actor, author, playwright, columnist, critic and commentator has found time to dash off a half dozen humorous volumes which have headed best-seller lists.

So far no single year has ever been long enough to provide enough material to satisfy the world's Benchley-minded audiences.

"Why didn't they get after me when I was a baby?" he demands in righteous indignation. "Why wait for orders to pile up and up and—and—," he paused, "and up?" he concluded thoughtfully.

The man whose name on a story or whose mere appearance on the screen sets an audience grinning automatically, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, just before the turn of the century. He disclaims all responsibility for the turn.

"It just happened," he says modestly.

He has the same explanation for his sure-fire shorts. Behind that explanation, however, is an unerring touch on the public's funny-bone, acquired in nearly a quarter of a century of writing.

As a dramatic critic he made expert use of a perfect opportunity to figure out why jokes would and would not come off. He learned what the public wanted. He went to Harvard.

"You can't go to Harvard," he concedes, "and not come out a humorist. Either you come out a humorist or you come out a Princeton man. Either way, you come out."

He came out in 1912. Before he left he had been made president of the *Harvard Lampoon*, most famous of college funny magazines. That was two years before the World War started.

On his discharge from the campus, his pockets were stuffed with a Bachelor of Arts diploma, a mouse and letter about a job.

He still wears the same suit. The mouse wandered off somewhere, he thinks vaguely, and he tore up the letter indignantly when he found they were actually going to give him the job.

"I thought it was something from my pastor," he explains. "We were just like that!"

He wore the suit to work at the Curtis Publishing Company, however. Before he could change they had shifted him to industrial personnel work in Boston, where he could be near Massachusetts.

One of the pockets gave out three years later, when he became editor of the *New York Tribune* Sunday magazine and the remaining pocket he lost somewhere in Washington, D.C. a year later. He was secretary to the Aircraft Board at the time and a sort of war-time G-man.

"I was a good G-man until I lost that pocket," he brags. "They couldn't fool old Benchley! No sir! As a matter of fact I probably

didn't lose it at all. Somebody probably picked it. In those days the Supreme Court was not to be trusted . Nowadays, I understand, they have put pockets in those long robes which keeps the boys from going around stealing other people's. It was high time."

A sort of affectionate understanding kept him from discarding the suit when he became managing editor of *Vanity Fair*. It walked to work with him every morning when he later became columnist of the *New York World*.

He has been under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for nearly five years and his suit has as much to say about the terms as he has.

He makes a point of being Hollywood's worst-dressed man. His collar is usually wilted. His shoes cant dangerously to starboard. His hat is as battered as a sparring partner.

"I do so want to see Mr. Benchley," a visitor on the set of "Live, Love and Learn," his last feature picture gushed. "What does he look like?"

"Robert Benchley?" pronounced Robert Montgomery, "looks exactly like an unmade bed."

The reason his collar is always wilted five minutes after he puts it on, is because he can't stand the heat of the big Klieg lights. After thirty seconds of exposure he drips at every pore. In two minutes he is damp from head to foot. In five minutes he dashes precipitously from the set.

"I've got to get out of these wet clothes," he mutters, "and into a dry Martini."

The Public's Favourites

When audiences pay a man to sing all evening, what are their favourite numbers?

Nelson Eddy, who spends half his year as a motion picture star and half on the concert stage, provides the answer. Based on nine months of traveling to more than 100 cities of the United States and Canada in three years, Eddy has listed as the most popular songs of his repertoire:

(1) "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" from "Naughty Marietta," Victor Herbert; (2) "Du Bist So Jung," Molff; (3) "Child's Evening Prayer," Moussorgsky; (4) Figaro . . . "Barber of Saville"; (5) "Song of the Evening Star" from "Tannhauser," Wagner; (6) "The Lord Chancellor" (7) "Au Pays," Holmes; (8) "The Lord Chancellor's Nightmare" from "Iolanthe," Gilbert and Sullivan; (9) "Good Fellows Be Merry," Bach.

Due, undoubtedly to the picture, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" has topped my programe ever since the appearance of "Naughty Marietta."

So you think that movie story sounded like something you'd heard before? Well, a famous scenarist says . . .

There are Only Three Basic Film Plots

By Campbell Dixon

(Condensed from Parade, the Daily Telegraph and Morning Post)

For the best part of twenty years Frances Marion was the highest paid scenario writer in Hollywood.

Her experience went back almost, but not quite, to the era when there were no scenarios at all. Those were the days when directors, as a concession to belles lettres or failing memory, jotted down the plot on the cuffs of their starched white shirts.

Miss Marion has written scores of successful film stories, such as The Champ and Min and Bill; she is said to have earned $100,000 a year, and she knows the film game backwards.

Here is one of her tips for the budding scenario writer:

"Do not make life easy for the hero. The more he has to overcome the stronger both he and the plot will be. Pile up his suffering, his anguish; force him into a tight corner, into a fight of brawn or wits; let him dare all for an ideal; let him flout custom and environment and wealth for something worth while and eventually, win all."

It may be a blow to your self-esteem, but it's certainly encouraging to the writer gravelled for a plot, to know that practically all the films you have loved most fall into well-known categories. Such as:

(*a*) The Jack and Beanstalk plot. "The giant may be a rival business man, a falling market, a soulless corporation, or it may be poverty; but in any version of this plot an appealing under-dog comes out on top." Switch the sexes round and this, of course, is also the plot of Cinderella.

(*b*) The Prodigal Son plot, about "a youth of either sex who leaves home and sweetheart in high anticipation of an easier and gayer life which, as a matter of fact, turns out to be not only gay, but ruinous. The youth eventually returns to his senses and gladly returns to his home and his first love."

(*c*) The Sacrifice plot. "Based on one of the commonest ideals, this is always well worth considering, although it must be given careful treatment, since its popularity has been dimmed by photoplays of too sentimental a character and by those in which the sacrifice obviously was not worth while."

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch is cited by Miss Marion as a popular example. Others are A

Tale of Two Cities, Sorrel and Son, Stella Dallas and Bengal Lancer. In the first the chief character gives everything for a girl, in the second for a son, in the third for a daughter, and in the last for a comrade in arms.

(*d*) "The love plot," says Miss Marion, "is a universal favourite, understood by all races." I had gathered it was well thought of.

(*e*) "The dramatic triangle, the love affairs of one man and two women, or two men and one woman, is generally acceptable, if done with any degree of originality." You've got to accept it anyway.

(*f*) "Domestic relations, with their loves, apprehensions, struggles, anxieties and joys, offer a plot pattern that has a tremendous interest to women. Women's interest in the problems of married life accounts for much of Ann Harding's success. These plots often skirt immorality, bleached a bit by the insistence that the heroine's motives are pure. They threaten a sex problem rather than portray it."

(*g*) "Plots concerning a long-planned vengeance that is at last abandoned because of love, or a family feud that forms a barrier between lovers, or those in which a fine character is made to suffer unjustly, are as old as the hills, but continue to offer the writer an excellent framework for modern stories."

Grounds for Divorce

Cecil B. De Mille's favorite story is about an Irish woman who decided to get a divorce, so she went to see a lawyer and tell him her tale of woe.

"An' he bates me, an' he starves me, an' he drinks his wages, an' he starves the children, an' he bates the youngsters, an' he snores, an' he comes home at past the Divil's Dancing Hour, yer honour, and he fights, an' he raises Cain, an' nothing I do will satisfy him at all; an' if he doesn't like the stew, then saving your prisince, he throws it at me—."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "this is very deplorable indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but not quite grounds for divorce, you know."

"Not grounds for divorce, d'ye say?"

"No, indeed. I'm afraid it would be necessary to prove unfaithfulness. Now tell me, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, has your husband ever been unfaithful to you?"

"Unfaithful to me, did ye say? Unfaithful to me? Why, listen to the man! Has he ever been unfaithful to me? Great heavens above, yer honour, he isn't even the father of me children!"

Errol Flynn looks in the mirror and then confesses . . .

"I Know What a Louse I am Capable of Being"

By Errol Flynn

As told to Mary Parkes

(Condensed from "Modern Screen")

I must confess that, looking at myself objectively, I think I am a rather ludicrous poseur. I know what a louse I am capable of being. The way in which I've avoided blisters on my hands all my life delights me. I mean the way I've ducked hard work. Luck? Of course it is, all of it. Then, looking at myself subjectively, I see myself, but secretly, as a rather swell guy. Secretly I make allowances for myself. I find excuses for all the things I have done which I ought not to have done and vice versa. I can make the amends honorable (to myself) for all my sins. But outwardly I can only see myself as a rather ludicrous poseur getting away with, simply, murder. How else can I explain my success up to now?

I confess that I don't take life seriously. I take life, if you ask me, as a very enjoyable joke. The most worthwhile things in life to me are its laughs. But because I choose to treat it as a joke doesn't mean that I am not aware of the other side. I am. I am also aware of the people who don't take it as a joke because their self-importance overstuffs them.

You see, I simply don't believe that we are important, any of us. And an important person can sit in the gallery and laugh his fool head off and have the hell of a time doing it. We only weep, don't we, over tremendously important things? So, if everything, ourselves included, is unimportant it remains to laugh.

No real tragedy has touched my life as yet, you see. My mother and father are still living. My wife is living. I have my health. I have my boat. I have plenty to eat and drink. And above all, I am young. With these possessions intact there is no tragedy. And so I have had none. Sorrow, yes. Two friends acquainted me with sorrow, one by dying, the other by disappearing for so long that he was believed to be dead. Friendship sinks deep with me. When a friend dies, it is not too sentimental to say that part of me dies too.

But tragedy in its Greek-drama form has thus far given me a wide berth, thank God. I feel for the

sufferings of others. I retch at the sight and sound of cruelties inflicted upon those who cannot help themselves.

But I must confess that I am an extremely happy person despite my awareness of unhappiness. I am happy because I live in the realization of this moment. I have no future, nor any plans for a future. I don't want to know where I am going to be or what I am going to be doing a year from now. I loathe routine. I detest clocks. I have absolutely no conception of time, and don't want to have. I don't like to make dates in advance, nor plans of any kind. When I am going on a sea trip, I map out eighteen different trips and then, in mid-stream, scrap them all and go somewhere else. I enjoy it more that way.

I am fortunate in realizing that I am young. That may sound silly to you, but it isn't. A lot of people don't savor their youth while they have it. They appreciate it only after it is over. Then they sit around and go nostalgic over the dear, dead days. I know that I am young NOW. I know that this is the time. I know that right here and now I am most keenly capable of zestful enjoyments, vivid excitements. I'm having them. I get everything I can out of each present moment.

It is said that we must all pay for our good times, that there is a law of compensation which operates inevitably. If this is so, my times have all been good and I must have a lot of retribution in store for me. Lili often tells me that I will 'pay and pay.' Well, when that time comes I can only hope that I will pay without squawking, decently grateful for the good times I have already had.

For, while I'm confessing, I think I can say that I've never caught myself being afraid of any situation when I knew that I had to face it. This must be a form of conscience kicking up its little heels.

I think I can say, too, that I am uninterestingly without neuroses, inhibitions, or complexes. Even the best-selling inferiority complex of blessed memory is lacking in me. I have none of the phobias which Dr. Freud dragged out of their lairs. I have neither a mother fixation nor a fear of the dark. I am not afraid of failure, though I would battle for success. If I found myself slipping on the screen, for instance, I'd put up a terrific fight. I'd give it everything I've got. Quite as I would when I'm trying to worst Rathbone. But I'm not afraid. That's the point. I'm not afraid of old age or death, much as I value youth and life. I'll deal with them when they come up, not before.

I have one fear, a physical one. I have a holy horror of being in the water with a crocodile. I acquired this fear legitimately. I upset a raft once crossing a river in New Guinea. As I started to swim for shore one of the boys shouted the native word for croco-

dile. I died forty deaths before I made the shore. I'm afraid of I don't understand crocodiles at all. And it is the unknown of which we are afraid. But, as one spends only an infinitesimal part of one's life bathing with crocodiles, this fear, too, can really be discounted.

When, as occasionally happens, my intentions are good I always slip up on them. I just forget to remember. I forget to send Lili flowers on the days when I should send them. I'm pretty good about our wedding anniversaries because I gave myself a birthday present when I married Lili, so the two days are one. But even that is no guarantee that I'll always remember.

I'm a very trying husband, I'm afraid. Lili tells me that I am, and she should know. Every now and again I rush in and try to do all sorts of things at once, to make up. That's almost as trying and much more wearing on the other party.

I'm indifferent to my surroundings—when I'm on land. I don't care what kind of a house I live in. I leave the selection of our roof-tree to Lili. I don't care whether the architecture is Colonial or Gothic. I don't care how the place is furnished. I like a very comfortable bed, good food well served and beyond these details I am practically unconscious of my home surroundings. Oh yes, sharks, too, but not so much, because I understand them better. there must be as few telephones as possible. On the other hand, I notice everything on a boat. If I see a speck of cotton on deck ship, I boil. Anything sloppy about a boat drives me crazy.

But speaking of telephones, I must make another retraction. I have a telephone complex. My early morning routine is this: I get up early, before eight. I drink cups and cups of coffee. Then I smoke cigarette after cigarette. After that I spend the rest of the morning at home avoiding the telephone.

I'm an artful dodger, I am, when it comes to ducking the blimey thing. But when I'm caught I sometimes get so angry that I just reverse the procedure and I telephone people on the slightest provocation or none at all. If I can't think of anything better I'll call people just to tell them some feeble gag. Such enemies as I may have made I can put in Mr. Bell's lap, I am sure.

Life is not complete to me without a dog. I don't know just what companionship of man and dog really means. I've never analyzed it. I just know that I'm miserable if I don't have my hound around. Maybe it's because he depends on me for all of his good times. Maybe it's because he so confidently expects that I will live up to his idea of me.

ANN SHERIDAN
—a dirty-faced angel—
(see Page 101)

DEANNA DURBIN
—down for 3 singeroos—
(see Page 11)

ERROL FLYNN
—must have a dog—
(see Page 46)

THE MULLICAN GIRLS
—all Lanes lead to Hollywood—
(see Page 77)

TYRONE POWER
—his name didn't help—
(see Page 4)

CLARK GABLE
eats regularly now—
(see Page 4)

ALICE FAYE
—"true blonde"—
(see Page 85)

JACK BENNY
—goes to Paris—
(see Page 11)

ANDREA LEEDS
—won't be sold for $250,000—
(see Page 109)

DANIELLE DARRIEUX
—answered an advertisement—
(see Page 4)

ROBERT TAYLOR
—among his souvenirs—
(see Page 81)

JOAN BENNETT
—another "true blonde"—
(see Page 85)

NELSON EDDY
—the "Mystery" star—
(see Page 43)

MYRNA LOY
—no sale as a madonna—
(see Page 4)

JEANETTE MACDONALD
—she's a "Sweetheart"—
(see Page 87)

MICKEY ROONEY
—he's a Canadamerican—
(see Page 65)

The "Typical American" Judge Hardy family is half Canadian, so we ask . . .

Are the Hardy's Canadamericans?

By John R. Woolfenden

(Condensed from Maclean's Magazine)

Judge Hardy's Family, the "typical American family" of motion pictures, owes Canada a vote of thanks for fifty per cent. of its membership.

Mrs. "Judge Hardy," Fay Holden, was known to Vancouver, B.C., for five years as Gaby Fay, when she played leads for her husband, Dave Clyde, in his stock Company at the Empress Theatre.

Cecilia Parker, the Marian Hardy of the series, was born in Fort William, Ont., where her father was an employee of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

And Ann Rutherford, who appears as Polly Benedict, the girl friend of young Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney), was born in Toronto, where her uncles and aunts and cousins, the Kantels, the Langs and the Rutherfords, still make their home.

Which leaves Lewis Stone, of Worcester, Massachusetts; Mickey Rooney, of Brooklyn, New York; and Betty Ross Clark (Aunt Milly), of Langdon, North Dakota, as the Americans in the cast.

It was entirely accidental that when this most popular of all film families was in the formative stage, and the producer was trying to get a cast which he could keep intact throughout the series he should hit upon three Canadians —or, to be exact, an Englishwoman and two Canadians—as his typical Americans. Fay Holden hails originally from Birmingham. And thereby hangs a tale.

"I paid no further attention to Fay Holden's English birth and Canadian theatrical experience until we started to write the story for "Love Finds Andy Hardy," and then it came in very handy," the producer confesses. "We needed to have the grandmother some distance away from the Hardy family home, to give some excuse for a long trip for Mrs. Hardy when the grandmother became ill. So we chose the mythical town of Brigham, Canada—and whether there is a Brigham in Canada I haven't the slighest idea—and sent Mrs. Hardy there. (There is a Brigham in Quebec — *Editor.*) Then, in case anyone had recognized Fay Holden's English accent, it was readily explainable, because here we showed her mother as living in Canada. It all fitted in very nicely.

"As a matter of fact," the producer discloses, "we have been toying with the idea of taking the Hardy's to Canada in one of the

coming year's pictures. Next we show them on a dude ranch, out West, but the locale of one of our stories is almost certain to be Québec or Montreal. And, furthermore, one script which we have in mind would take them to England and would include Freddie Bartholomew in its cast. We'd probably show Freddie either at Eton or Harrow. The series is proving so popular in Canada and England as well as in the United States, that it's only common sense to capitalize on the fact."

The real secret of the popularity of the Hardy series, according to Fay Holden, is the fact that the various members of the family act just like a family even when they are not before the camera. Mickey Rooney wanders into her dressing room, starts sampling her face powder and drawing pictures on the mirror with her lipstick. She raps him over the knuckles with the handiest implement and chases him out, just as she would as Mother Hardy in the film. When Cecilia Parker, her daughter of the film series, was married recently to actor Dick Baldwin, it was Fay Holden who served as matron of honor. They're as devoted to one another as that. There has been nothing like it since Vancouver stock days, she insists.

Calgary and Edmonton will remember Fay Holden as Gaby Fay, too, for it was only eleven years ago that she left there to join Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company in New York.

Vancouver papers still refer to her, much to her delight, as "Vancouver's Own," recalling the days when she and husband David Clyde presented shows at the old Empress, as the British Guild Players. Every summer they would travel down the coast as far as Los Angeles, seeking new plays and players for the next season. But finally they didn't return. Brother-in-law Andy Clyde, film comedian, persuaded them to try their luck in Hollywood. That was in 1934.

Strangely enough, the paths of Fay Holden and her screen daughter, Cecilia Parker, have crisscrossed in private life. Cecilia, born in Fort William, is the daughter of a former non-commissioned officer in an Irish regiment, and left for England at the age of four months when her father joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps. When the father, J. T. Parker, was assigned to overseas duty, the family decided to make its home in a Manchester suburb, where Cecilia's brother and sister were born.

When Cecilia was six, the Parkers returned to Fort William and she, considered the most beautiful child in town, began dancing and music lessons at Miss Edgeworth's Dancing Academy. A year later, she won a certificate at the Academy of Music in Toronto. When she was nine, the family moved to

Hollywood, where Cecilia entered Hollywood High School and then the Immaculate Heart Convent. To earn spending money, she began working as an extra in films. A casting director noticed her, offered her a test, and started her on a career as a Western heroine opposite such heroes as George O'Brien, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard and Rex Bell.

Her youthful star rose when M-G-M needed a blonde girl to portray Garbo's sister in "The Painted Veil," and Cecilia was chosen. Now, on the strength of the Judge Hardy series, stardom is in sight.

"No, I have no relatives in Canada, and apart from those music and dancing lessons, I don't remember so very much about Fort William or Toronto," Cecilia frankly confessed. "So you can't say that I have a very strong link with Canada apart from fan mail, and strangely enough the greatest percentage of it does come from there. So somebody must remember I'm Canadian born. Would I like to do a picture on Canadian location? Why, of course. I'm the one who has been urging it."

It was accidental that Ann Rutherford was the third of the Canadians to be cast in the film series, and it was just as accidental that she was born in Toronto. Her father, British-born John Dufferin Rutherford, had been appearing with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York and had gone to Toronto with his bride, Lucille Mansfield, of Kentucky, to visit relatives. Ann put in her appearance there, but when five weeks old was taken to the United States. Next Spring she will pay her first visit to Toronto since then.

November 2, 1939, when Ann celebrates her twenty-first birthday, she becomes an American citizen.

Ann's closest link to Canada at present is the fact that she owns a salmon-canning factory and two blocks of flats in Vancouver, left her by an aunt, Mrs. Charles Trim.

"It's a standing joke on the set of the Hardy pictures, that the three Canucks, Holden, Parker and Rutherford, stock together," said Ann. "We've been nicknamed 'The Unholy Three'."

Silence is Golden

A movie actor took a girl for a drive high up into the Hollywood Hills. He parked, turned off the engine and said: "I'm a man of few words. Is it 'yes' or 'no'?" It's usually 'No'," said the girl, "but you talked me into it!"—*About town.*

No original or unsolicited manuscripts are wanted by studios, and here's . . .

Why They Snub Your Scripts

(From the Montreal Standard)

How would you like to be paid for reading funny papers all day long? Or reading the newest books of famous authors, oftentimes even before they are published?

It's being done every day in Hollywood's busy studios. Unheralded and unsung, a group of experts is busy eight hours a day, reading everything printed that comes to hand; books, magazines, manuscripts. They are the readers who hunt through literature for story ideas for pictures. Sometimes one may be found in a short and obscure story.

Through the hands of the readers at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios alone pass more than 20,000 separate stories annually. Each is considered as a possibility for a screen play. When sifted down, this mass of material yields only a small amount of "pay ore" between 60 and 70 are usually considered good enough to purchase.

The material read by these studio workers is published in books, magazines or newspapers. Frequently they read novels in galley proof or manuscript form before the public sees them. Plays invariably are read as manuscripts, but almost always after they are accepted for production.

Unsolicited material is never read. It is returned unopened to the senders. Studios cannot run the risk of reading such material which might duplicate other purchased stories or ideas being developed. The only "originals" read by other than staff writers are those submitted by accredited writers' agents from established writers who are known in Hollywood.

The reading department is one branch of the complicated machinery known as the Scenario Department. Under it come all workers and specialists having to do with the production of screen plays, from choice of material to the final mimeographing of the shooting scripts.

Aside from books and periodicals read as they come out, many manuscripts of stories not yet published are submitted to the studios through writers' agents. Often stories are purchased before publication through this means. "Northwest Passage," was purchased from proofs while in magazine serial form. "The Citadel," was purchased after its first success as a "best seller." "Idiot's Delight," the stage play, was purchased for Norma Shearer and Clark Gable on the report of a story scout.

Ursula Parrott's "Fidelity" was purchased in galley proof form before actual magazine publication.

Classics and near-classics are usually decided on by a producer familiar with them, and the scenario department is then entrusted with adapting them to screen form. Thus "Captains Courageous" was produced by Louis D. Lighton. Kipling's "Soldiers Three" is also to be filmed.

When a book or play is chosen for production, it is sent to a writer who prepares an adaptation or treatment, as running scenario of the story as it will be told on the screen. Thus approved by producer and director, it is then taken by one or a group of other writers, and built into a screen play, with numbered scenes, from which the director films the picture.

They have all the arms and ammunition they need when . . .

Hollywood Prepares for War (Scenes)

TUCKED away in Hollywood is one of the strangest and, at the same time, most practical arsenals in the United States. It contains more than 7,000 firearms of hundreds of varieties and it is the source of supply whenever any studio in Hollywood produces a picture with warfare in it.

The collection is owned by James Stembridge, who has spent fifteen years gathering it and who values it at $85,000. Stembridge can supply at a moment's notice almost any type of firearm from the French arquebus or matchlock of the fifteenth or sixteenth century down to the most modern rifle, shotgun or pistol.

Practically every country in the world is represented in the Stembridge arsenal. He has at least 300 rifles of the type used by United States, England, France, Germany, or, in brief, any country that participated in the World War, so that, if a war picture is planned, he can arm the troops of any country. For early American pictures he is able to supply scores of flintlock muskets or, if the date demands it, even the older matchlocks which were fired by touching a slow match to the powder in the pan.

Stembridge first began gathering quaint firearms as a hobby at the time America entered the World War, when having had six

years' experience as a drill instructor in the U.S. Army, he was placed in charge of the Home Guard. Even at such perilous times, he had the vision to think up something that would give him a livelihood, when peace returned to the land. Knowing that producers would be certain to make war pictures, he evolved the idea of his collection of firearms from the different nations to be rented to film studios.

He picked up guns, muskets, spears, knives, old coats of mail and helmets from all parts of the world—from dealers, from collectors, at Government sales, etc., until his stock grew to its present proportions.

There is a pair of dueling pistols which belonged to the French ducal family of Lorraine and which were made in the seventeenth century. There are innumerable pistols of dozens of other types, including the old "pepper-box," the derringer, the clumsy flintlock, the even heavier matchlock and the old American cap and ball. There are Turkish and Arabian weapons, heavily chased and inlaid, side by side with the latest model automatic.

In special steel cabinets, protected by Government order with combination locks, Stembridge has a collection of about eight machine guns, some of them being the Thompson sub-machine guns, called familiarly in our best gangster circles, "Tommy guns." In one corner of the arsenal is a wide variety of powder horns, made of leather, horn, metal and wood.

There are machetes from Cuba and South America, bolos from the Philippines, dueling rapiers, French and Italian daggers, Malay krises, bowie knives, the wicked-looking weapons carried by the Gurkhas in the British Indian army, the murderous knives used by the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," made famous by Kipling.

Even though many of the studios have their own small collections of armor and armaments, Stembridge is invariably called in to supplement the quantity or to act as an expert on period research work. He can boast of having rented arms or rendered his services to practically every one of the new Fall productions, listed in the current MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR campaign, which necessitates the use of old or modern weapons. Odds and ends in his unique arsenal-museum have found their way into such diversified pictures as "Marie Antoinette," "Racket Busters," and "Smashing the Rackets," "Valley of the Giants," "Submarine Patrol," "Ranger Code," and "Sons of the Legion."

The movies seek their cradle and discover that . . .

Macy's Marks the Spot

By Frank S. Nugent

(Condensed from the New York Times)

Last week we attended the ceremonial unveiling of a plague whose first line read: "Here the Motion Picture Began." It marked the site of the first theatrical screening of a motion picture; the date, April 23, 1896. And there was the plaque? On the wall of R. H. Macy's department store!

It was fairly startling to discover that the industry had been born in a department store even when it was explained that Macy's was not Macy's but Koster & Bial's Music Hall when Thomas Edison's Vitascope first projected pictures on a screen.

To give it at least the semblance of timeliness they called it an anniversary. We suppose it was, yet it seems a bit specious to direct attention to an observance exactly forty-two years, five months, and ten days after the original event. Still, no one appeared to mind especially.

We kept thinking, through it all, how different it must have been on that April night in 1896 when—according to *The New York Times*, of the next morning—an appreciative crowd flocked to Koster & Bial's to see the "new thing Edison's Vitascops the ingenious inventor's latest toy." The white screen on the stage was in a gilded frame; the pictures were about half life-size. This was *The Time's* description:

When the hall was darkened last night a buzzing and roaring were heard in the turret and an unusually bright light fell upon the screen. Then came into view two precious blonde young persons of the variety stage, in pink and blue dresses, doing an umbrella dance with commendable celerity. Their motions were all clearly defined. When they vanished, a view of the angry surf breaking on a sandy beach near a stone pier amazed the spectators. (Terry Ramsaye in his "Million and One Nights" reports that it caused a flurry of panic among persons in the front rows). The waves tumbled in furiously and the foam of the breakers flew high in the air. A burlesque boxing match between a tall, thin comedian and a short, fat one, a comic allegory called "The Monroe Doctrine"; and instant of motion in Hoyt's farce, "The Milk White Flage," repeated over and over again, and a skirt dance by a tall blonde completed the views, which were all wonderfully real

and singularly exhilarating. For the spectator's imagination filled the atmosphere with electricity, as sparks crackled around the swifty moving, lifelike figures.

Mr. Hays did not speak of that first program. His remarks were more in the nature of a treasurer's report. "Today," he said, "27,000 miles of film is handled daily in our exchanges in this country alone. Daily this serves 12,000,000 persons in 17,500 theatres in 9,500 cities and towns. And the American motion picture spreads to the remotest places of the earth as it fills 75 per cent of the screen time in the world in 50,000 theatres serving 150,000,000 persons weekly. It is, indeed, the miracle of the movies." He had everything at his fingertips but the facts about the event he was celebrating. He called it the first public showing of the Edison Kinetoscope, while the Kinetoscope, the peepshow machine, made its debut in 1894.

There was just a touch of irony, too, in the remarks of Edison's daughter, Mrs. John E. Sloan, as she unveiled the tablet. "My father had a high ideal for motion pictures," she said. "He felt that people might be educated through their eyes, that those who stay at home might travel to far places and gain in human understanding; that through his work romance and laughter and the lessons which the theatre can teach might be brought within the reach of everyone. May the next fifty years see the motion picture steadily advancing toward the ideal he had of it."

It was a filial dedication, but we prefer to think—and with more affection—of the Edison who sat through a rehearsal screening of the Koster & Bial's show and, after seeing Annabelle's serpentine dance, "clapped his hands and turning to one of his assistants said, " 'That is good enough to warrant our establishing a bald-head row, and we still do it too!' "

Mrs. J. Leon Lascoff, a cousin of the late Albert Bial, attended the ceremonies marking the site of the Koster & Bial Music Hall where motion pictures were first shown to a paying audience. She was present on the evening of April 23rd, 1896, when the motion picture was first introduced as a feature on the variety program. The picture, she recollected, was "The Buffalo Express," a simple enough short subject showing a railway train speeding towards the audience. The audience, unhardened to "thrills and spills" reacted with screams and howls signifying horror, delight and amazement, reported Mrs. Lascoff.

Approximately one-tenth of next year's films will feature juvenile stars which is why we say . . .

Hollywood is Getting Childish!

By Vance King

(Condensed from the Motion Picture Herald)

Youth comes into its own on Hollywood's 1938-39 schedule. Approximately one-tenth of its product will deal with youngsters either in top or featured supporting roles. At least 60 pictures of the 600 or so planned for production here will be about children from the tot age to adolescence.

Not more than five of the 60 will show the children as anything but Americans.

Nebulous as production plans are at present, due to the general flexibility of schedules to allow for the inclusion of topical themes and to other reasons, it is apparent that the number of pictures featuring youngsters will reach record proportions.

The current favorites among child players will be represented, as well as a galaxy of new-comers. There will be three Shirley Temple vehicles, about four for Jane Withers, three Bobby Breens, four Jackie Coopers, three Deanna Durbins, a minimum of five with Mickey Rooney in the top role, and an undetermined number from Warners' " 'Dead End'—'Crime School' " kids.

Among the newcomers will be the Universal "Little Tough Guys" troupe, Warners' Janet Chapman, five-year-old for whom the studio is seeking stories; Irene Dare, Sol Lesser's five-year-old skater who appeared with Bobby Breen in his last, "Breaking the Ice," and will be starred in "The Silver Skates"; Ann Gillis and Tommy Kelly, who made their bows as top players in Selznick International's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"; Peter Holden, New York stage lad will co-star with Bob Burns in RKO's "Little Orvie," adapted from the Booth Tarkington story; Republic's Tommy Ryan, who appeared in that studio's "Tenth Avenue Kid," on which excellent grosses have been reported, and others.

Guessing reasons for the deluge of child pictures could constitute several evenings of conversation for Hollywood's armchair and second guessers' brigades.

Whatever the cause it remains that Hollywood will contribute much of its product to portraying the lives, the troubles and the heartaches of the nation's youth. So dominant in the scheme of Hollywood this year has the trend become that Sol Lesser has dropped everything to announce that

his entire product will deal with children.

He will produce three features with Bobby Breen, the first of which will be "Fisherman's Wharf," story of the San Francisco waterfront. At present, "Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus," starring Tommy Kelly, is being edited, with "Peck's Bad Boy and the Hynotists" to follow. Then Tommy goes into "Wings of Tomorrow," story of youthful aviation enthusiasts based on an idea by Gilbert Hanson, graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles. Mr. Lesser will produce the Irene Dare vehicle, "The Silver Skates."

From Warner Brothers will come "Hell's Kitchen" and "They Made Me a Criminal," featuring the " 'Dead End' — 'Crime School' " kids; Bonita Granville in six "Nancy Drew" stories; four featuring Janet Chapman, now under term contract after appearing in "Little Miss Thoroughbred," "Broadway Musketeers," and "Heart of the North," and about four in the "Jane Arden" series. Bobby Jordan, one of the original "kids," is appearing in a featured role in "Unfit to Print."

Jackie Cooper has just finished a 15 chapter serial, "Eagle Scout." for Universal, and now, is working in Monogram's "Gangster's Boy." Monogram has "Streets of New York" lined up for him, and Universal has signed him for "Newsboys' Home."

In addition to three more Deanna Durbin stories—"Three Smart Girls Grow Up," "First Love," and "Jenny Lind"—Universal is building up a troupe of youngsters to be styled "Little Tough Guys," with Hally Chester as the nucleus. Their first will be "The Little Tough Guys in Society," and one or two more are planned.

Monogram will have four Frankie Darro vehicles, the first

THE YOUNGSTERS IN NEW FILMS

Shirley Temple	Peter Holden	Larry Simms
Jane Withers	Tommy Ryan	Ann Rutherford
Bobby Breen	Bonita Granville	Judy Garland
Jackie Cooper	Bobby Jordan	Don Castle
Deanna Durbin	Hally Chester	Scotty Beckett
Mickey Rooney	Frankie Darro	Johnny Walsh
Fred. Bartholomew	Lorna Lynn	Janice Chambers
"Dead End Kids"	Janet Dempsey	Jo Ann Sayers
Janet Chapman	Donald O'Connor	Gene Reynolds
Irene Dare	Billy Cook	Terry Kilburn
Ann Gillis	Billy Lee	Betty Jaynes
Tommy Kelly	Edith Fellows	Virginia Weidler

of which, "Wanted by the Police," has been finished.

RKO will present Peter Holden with Bob Burns in "Little Orvie," and possibly may build up Lorna Lynn, four-year-old singer, and Janet Dempsey, five years old, Janet making her debut in "Miracle Racket."

Paramount, about to release "Sons of the Legion," in which Donald O'Connor, Billy Cook and Billy Lee have prominent roles, will have on the new season schedule "Little Orphan Annie," starring Ann Gillis and "Tom Sawyer, Detective." Featured are Billy Cook and Donald O'Connor.

Having loaned out Ann Gillis and Tommy Kelly, Selznick International has no definite plans for pictures for the youngsters, aside from announcing some time ago preparation of a story, "Heartbreak Town," yarn of Hollywood film children trying to get along.

Republic, having signed Tommy Ryan, 12, after the lad was under contract to RKO for six months without being used, will be seen in "Prairie Moon," forthcoming Gene Autry picture, and the studio is seeking at least two stories for him.

Columbia has Edith Fellows under contract. Her next, "Thoroughbred," is already finished. Four year old Larry Simms has been signed for the role of "Baby Bumpstead" in "Blondie," from the cartoon story. Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton will play respectively "Dagwood" and "Blondie." There is a possibility that "Blondie" may be an addition to the series pictures, and that would call for further participation by the Simms youngster, for the baby in the story plays an important part.

Although MGM has 14 child players under contract, only six pictures with youngsters thus far are on the docket. There will be a minimum of three "Judge Hardy's Family" pictures in the new season, and Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Judy Garland and Don Castle will have permanent places therein. A forthcoming release is "Stablemates," in which Rooney is teamed with Wallace Beery. Rooney has been announced for the title role in "Huckleberry Finn," from the Mark Twain book.

In addition, Freddie Bartholomew, Miss Garland and Scotty Beckett, another youngster, have prominent roles in the soon to be released "Listen, Darling," in which Mary Astor and Walter Pidgeon have the top adult roles.

Other youngsters under contract to the studio are Johnny Walsh, 11, who made his film debut in a trailer for "Boys Town"; Janice Chambers, 12; Jo Ann Sayers (real name Mimi Lilligren), 16; Gene Reynolds, 14; Terry Kilburn, 12; Betty Jaynes, 17, a singer, and Virginia Weidler, 14, a veteran among child film actors.

Once upon a time secretaries sat on dumb executives' knees, but now the big star sits on Edgar Bergen's knee, and . . .

Edgar's Investment in Charlie Paid

Some seventeen years ago Edgar Bergen cast $35 upon the waters of fortune. Today the investment has returned to him a thousand fold.

The $35 purchased from Theodore Mack, a Chicago woodcarver, the head of a dummy, modeled after the features of a Chicago newsboy of Bergen's acquaintance. Bergen needed a dummy as a vital accessory to his budding career as a ventriloquist.

"At first Charlie was a tough, Irish newsboy character," Bergen says.

"I named him Charlie after the newsboy, and 'Mac' from the last name of the man who carved him. The idea of the face was that of the whimsical Irish, that romance of an Irishman's makeup that I thought would be very good for what I had in mind," Bergen said.

Bergen stumbled onto ventriloquism when he was 14. "I used to mimic animals and people," he says. "My first experience was saying 'Hello' to my classmates when I passed them on the streets, or in the corridors at school. I'd do it in a ventriloquial voice just to be funny, and they didn't believe I did it. They would look off in other directions."

Bergen began to turn his gift into profit during his college days at Northwestern University, playing at night clubs, Chautauqua gatherings and small time vaudeville theatres. He was fairly successful, but the virtual death of the vaudeville stage caused him to seek some other manner in which to earn a living.

"Charlie was just a brat with a lovable soul," Bergen continued. "But when vaudeville died, he had to become sophisticated. The idea of the monocle and top hat and tails came immediately."

Charlie then moved into better circles, the exclusive Rainbow room in New York and then in private social parties about Park Avenue. It was there he was seen by Noel Coward, who prevailed upon Rudy Vallee to give him a chance on the air.

After Bergen and McCarthy became the sensation of the amusement world, via the airways, they came to California and the movies. They had roles in "Goldwyn Follies," and were immediately signed by Universal contract.

In Los Angeles it is estimated that upwards of 1,700,000 people walk up to the box office of a motion picture theatre every week. —*Hollywood Reporter.*

Three movie Cinderellas all in one family, that's the story of . . .

The Mullican Girls

By Carlisle Jones

Three of the Mullican sisters of Indianola, Iowa are in Hollywood and the place may never be quite the same again. There is something about middle westeners generally and Iowans particularly that can't be made to fit into the Hollywood mold without reshaping the pattern. And the Mullicans fit a pattern all their own.

Dorothy Mullican came first. She hitched her wagon to Gus Edwards' waning star some years ago, when that worthy had his company playing in Des Moines, eighteen miles from Dorothy's home. She asked for a part in the act he was heading and he seemed to be favorably impressed.

"What is your name?" he asked, although she had been properly introduced and everything, before she had applied for a job.

She told him again. "Dorothy Mullican," she said, accenting all the syllables.

"Too bad," sighed Edwards, "but it can be fixed. We'll call you Lola Lane."

Dorothy, newly dubbed Lola, rolled it off her tongue. "It's kinda pretty," she agreed.

"It's the second best name on the stage," said Edwards.

"What's the first best name?" she asked.

"Lila Lee," said Edwards. "But I've already named one girl that. You'll be Lola Lane."

Which explains, says Lola, why no Mullican has ever been featured by that name on either screen or stage.

Lola toured with the Gus Edwards company in "Ritz Carlton Nights" over the Interstate, Loew and Orpheum circuits, ending up in New York where she went into the "Greenwich Village Follies" and then into George Jessel's "War Song." Jessel in turn suggested her for a role in the Fox picture, "Speakeasy" and the invasion of Hollywood by the Mullicans had begun.

It was eight long years before Lola got reinforcements from her family for the Mullican assault on the film capital. During those eight years, Lola married and divorced Lew Ayres and later repeated the same process with Alexander Hall. Between domestic and emotional upsets she played in many pictures with a fair amount of success and whenever an opportunity presented itself she talked about her sisters.

The sisters, two of them at least, had been bitten by the theatrical bug shortly after Dorothy became Lola and Lola became a name player on the screen. Priscilla,

nicknamed Pat by her family because Rosemary as a young child couldn't manage the whole mouthful of Priscilla, went to the Fagin Dramatic School in New York to study acting and Rosemary, a year and a half older than Priscilla, entered Simpson college in Indianola to specialize in music.

One fateful day, Rosemary and her mother went to New York to bring Priscilla home after her graduation from the Fagin school. It's an old story now to the girls but it was an exciting day to them then. The two girls and their mother stopped at a music publishing firm to buy some new music. They tried the new songs out right there and fate, a little stoop-shouldered in the person of Fred Waring, passed by in the hall outside and heard.

You know what happened. Rosemary and Priscilla Lane signed contracts with Waring's Pennsylvanians and two more Mullicans were started on the long, slow road to Hollywood. An older sister is married and lives in the midwest and still another, who became Leota Lane after Gus Edwards made the change for Lola, is an entertainer in New York. The mother eventually took the name too and is known now as Mrs. Cora B. Lane. Except for the father, a dentist in Indianola to this day, the Mullican name has been abandoned by the whole family.

It was in 1932 that Rosemary and Priscilla started their careers with Waring. They stayed with him for five years. When they started with him, Rosemary was 16 and Priscilla, 14. Their first show was in the Roxy Theatre in New York and to calm her nerves Priscilla chewed gum before the performance. She was still chewing it, it became evident, when she started to sing.

Waring, seeing what was wrong with the girl, stopped his band and began to chide her about the gum. She forgot her fright enough to reply in kind and a comedienne, as the press agents say, was born. They sang for several radio programs with Waring and his band and near the end of the five year contract when both Rosemary and Priscilla arrived in Hollywood to work in the Warner Bros. picture, "Varsity Show," both girls were fairly well-known about the country.

Of course they stayed in Hollywood. No reasonably presentable, fairly talented young woman ever comes to Hollywood as a professional entertainer without staying there or returning there as quickly as possible.

Warners signed the two of them for long term contracts. Mrs. Lane came along. Lola was already established as a successful freelance player who worked occasionally in Warner pictures.

That's how the Mullicans stormed Hollywood!

The two younger girls and their

mother took a big house in "the valley"—meaning the San Fernando valley near Hollywood and gave a big party. Perhaps Lola, with seven or eight years of experience behind her, told them they should. It was a hayrick-ride party and a very noisy time was had by everybody, even the neighbors, who finally gave up all hopes of sleeping and joined in.

Since then, the Mullicans have been quiet residents, in fact they have been too busy to be anything else. Rosemary and Lola were teamed in "Hollywood Hotel," opposite Dick Powell. Priscilla went into "Love, Honor and Behave," and into the arms of young Wayne Morris, playing opposite her. She seemed almost reluctant to leave them when Wayne dropped the seven or eight other little love affairs he had been enjoying and concentrated all his attentions on her. She played opposite him again now in "Men are Such Fools." Wayne continues to insist that he will wait five years before he marries, but you can't get a cent of money to cover the risk from his associates on the Warner lot.

Anyway, the Lane (nee Mullican) sisters have gone on from triumph to triumph, their latest appearance being together, all three of them, in "Four Daughters." The fourth daughter, for the purposes of the film, is Gale Page.

As usual, in Hollywood, interesting — even amazing — things have happened to the new Mullican sisters since they reached Hollywood. Priscilla has been bitten by a wildcat—for publicity purposes at least—and Rosemary was "saved" from a bolting horse during the filming of "Varsity Show." Both nee Mullicans, have arrived in importance in the film capital.

Both girls have said the proper and usual things for new actresses in Hollywood to say. Lola may have had a hand in that. Priscilla, taking her cue from young Morris perhaps, has announced she will not marry anybody for at least a year. Rosemary has taken on a mantle of dignity and has nothing to say about her romantic intentions. But the gossip columns have reported that she receives a mysterious telephone call from New York immediately after each broadcast.

All of the Mullicans now in Hollywood are expert clothes horses. Lola designs many of her own gowns and has built up a reputation, with her own family at least, as being a final authority on what the "Lanes" should wear to Hollywood functions. Rosemary designs dresses too, but poor Priscilla makes no such claims and so has most of the new ideas tried out on her.

The whole Mullican family likes cats, and the home of Rosemary, Priscilla and their mother—Lola lives in her own house not far away—is overrun with adopt-

ed cats and kittens. The story was that one of the cats Priscilla picked up to mother proved to be a wildcat. There is a legend in the San Fernando Valley that tame cats and wild cats have crossed at some time and that most of the stray cats in that vicinity are at least half wild. Anyway, that's another story.

Lola and Rosemary look much alike, a fact which their studio used in the picture, "Hollywood Hotel." Priscilla is smaller, more blonde and perter, with a turned-up nose and a guileless expression. The mother acts as business manager for all of them and they all agree that she is a very good manager and a very strict accountant as far as their money is concerned.

Yes, the Iowa Mullicans are pretty strongly intrenched in Hollywood. They have the customary big house and slick cars. It took them eight years or more to gather here, but they found the welcome mat on the doorstep when they finally arrived.

Southern Californians have always been suckers for Iowans. One of them is the governor of the state. They hold annual picnics where more than 100,000 former residents of Iowa gather. The next Iowa picnic may be blessed by the presence of three really good-looking girls — girls known to other Iowans as the Mullican sisters of Indianola, and to movie fans throughout the nation as the Lane sisters.

Answers to Movie Quiz

(1) Five: Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Zeppo, and Gummo. (2) Harmon O. Nelson. (3) Janet Shaw, Robert Taylor and Harold Lloyd. (4) Mayo Methot. (5) Joan Crawford. (6) Leo Gorcey. (7) Clifford Odets. (8) Olivia de Havilland. (9) Eddie Cantor. (10) Marie Wilson and Gracie Allen. (11) Carole Lombard. (12) Arno. (13) Myrna Loy and Gary Cooper. (14) Dick Powell and Bob Burns. (15) John Garfield (in "Four Daughters"). (16) Harry Langdon. (17) George Raft. (18) Former light-heavyweight champion, Maxie Rosenbloom. (19) Alan Hale. (20) "The Lights of New York". (21) Mickey Rooney. (22) Mary Dees. (23) Lewis D. Offield. (24) Ben Bernie. (25) "Carefree" (the name given are the real names of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire).

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Bob Taylor spent two months in England, but has to admit that . . .

He Didn't See Much of It

One of the penalties of making your first trip abroad, Robert Taylor has discovered, is that you never stop answering questions about it. Friends who have been there before you want to know whether you saw the same places they did and incidentally delight in telling you everything you missed. Friends who haven't been there want to know your reactions to things they've read about. And if you're Robert Taylor, you're expected to have had experiences which would never happen to anyone else.

Well, Taylor did. Now, having been home a while and entered into the old familiar routine, some of those experiences already seem like a dream, he admits. Other occurrences are taking on that exaggeratedly rosy hue which they invariably do in constant re-telling. But all about his new Chatsworth ranchhouse are souvenirs of England and the Continent to refresh his memory as to what actually did take place during that four months of hard work and hectic travel.

There's the cigarette lighter in the shape of an armored knight that Dorothy and Irene Bridal, twin sisters from Camberwell, gave him as memento of their successful wait to see him first at Waterloo Station and then at Claridge's when he first arrived in London. They were among the very few fans who actually met and talked to him during the first day or two of his arrival.

There's a complete set of photographs of the fifteenth century farmhouse that was his home at Lane End, Buckinghamshire, throughout his British stay. The life he led there much in the manner of an English country squire must have suited him, for on his return he closed up his former Beverley Hills home and moved out to the San Fernando Valley ranchhouse which had been built for him during his absence.

Around the house there are other momentoes: menus, programs, sailing lists; knickknacks from Paris and Stockholm; clothes he bought in London; shoes he had made there.

Perhaps needless to say, his experiences as an "innocent abroad" weren't exactly as he had envisioned them before he left. He had thought of himself sauntering through the countryside, exploring historic and ruined castles, eating his lunch in picturesque country inns with thatched roofs, seeing the old fishing villages of Devon and Cornwall or driving up to Scotland for a little shooting. Actually, he never got any farther north than Oxford and the only time he rode south of London

was when he boarded the boat train for Southampton and the voyage home.

If you were to set him down at Hyde Park Corner, he still wouldn't know what direction to take to get to Leicester Square. Apart from that first arrival at Waterloo, when police rushed him out of the station via a milk-can lift, so that the mob of fans wouldn't trample one another, his view of London was restricted to two hurried trips to the doctor, for a minor operation on his eye, to a single Saturday night round of some of the night spots, to a vain attempt to do some shopping in Regent Street, and to an additional day at Claridge's before leaving for Culver City.

From Col. Fred Cripps' Moor Farm, where Taylor was living at Lane End, it's a fourteen-mile drive to Alexander Korda's London Films plant at Denham, where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Studios were renting space. Each day, Bob would get up at 6 a.m., take a cold tub, dress, saddle one of the Cripps hunters and take a short canter through the fields and beechwoods of the Chiltern Hills country. Then breakfast of cereal and bacon and eggs—the cook eventually was taught to turn out very presentable hotcakes—plus a glass of orange juice and coffee which the star wisely insisted on brewing for himself, and he was off to work. For the first few weeks, Jones, the Welsh chauffeur, took the wheel. Then the star rented a second-hand low slung British roadster, and with a red letter "L" (for "learner") attached to the license plates front and rear, he braved the rigors of driving on the left side of the road along country lanes down which the flock of Austin and Morris owners don't hesitate to clip along at 50 and 60 miles an hour, and thenceforth drove for himself.

Fan's Reward

Joan Crawford's chauffeur noticed a young girl hanging around the Waldorf-Astoria for several hours when Joan was in New York, and finally the chauffeur struck up a conversation with the girl. She told him she had taken every cent she could scrape together to come down from Connecticut just to see Joan in the flesh. The chauffeur felt sorry for the fan and went to the star's suite and told her about the girl. Joan said bring her up, but when the chauffeur reached the street again the girl had vanished. That night as Joan was entering her car to go to a theatre the chauffeur again saw the girl and pointed her out. Joan had her brought to the car, took her in, and took her to the theatre with her.

A critic who never liked Bette Davis, went to see her in "Jezebel" and now says . . .

"Bette Converted Me"

By Freda Bruce Lockhart

(In the Film Weekly)

If you saw "Jezebel," I think you'll agree that Bette Davis has at last won the battle which her film career has been.

By "battle" I don't mean the law-suits and studio-quarrels which have reached the headlines. They were only the outward and audible symptoms of the one-woman war Bette was waging against all the screen principles established by Hollywood and accepted by the world.

Ever since this mousy, quite undistinguished-looking girl arrived in Hollywood seven years ago to be told she didn't look like an actress, she has been fighting to break down the fixed belief that acting ability without personality cannot make a film star.

"Jezebel," in my opinion, is a rout for Bette Davis and establishes a precedent for star character-acting which may have unimagined results on the starring system of the future.

I feel I can appreciate and respect Bette's battle because, until "Jezebel," I have been one of the enemy. I believe that screen acting *IS* the art of expressing imagination through personality, and we have all, as filmgoers, been brought up to confuse personality with physical appearance. Watching Bette's relentless ugliness and drabness in the interests of art, I used to feel she was heroically hammering her head against the Great Wall of China.

When Universal let her go (because, when they did risk giving her a part, she made an all-too realistic wallflower) her first tactics had to be those of compromise. She blonded her hair, made up her mouth and got an ingenue part with George Arliss and a contract with Warners.

At that period, I confess I saw no point in Bette Davis. She was as *Film Weekly* said, "a good little actress." But she had none of the beauty of Constance Bennett, the reigning star of the day on whom she was modelled. And the parts she played gave her no chance to offer anything more interesting by way of compensation.

Later, when Bette felt sure enough of her position as an accepted, though not idolised star, she changed to a frontal attack. Her playing of the odious waitress in Human Bondage, the most utterly antipathetic character, except perhaps Captain Bligh, ever taken on by a star, is old history.

It never convinced me. Her "Mildred" did not seem to me a living character. She was only

Bette Davis, looking as ugly and being as nasty as she knew how, just to show us. I admired the honesty of her revolt against star standards but it seemed to me a losing cause.

I remained unconvinced by Bordertown, Dangerous, The Petrified Forest, Marked Woman or It's Love Again. In her rare sympathetic parts, like The Petrified Forest, she would not make the slightest concession towards appearing attractive and always emphasised the character's least sympathetic side.

Of the other she-dragons she never attempted to show the humanity, only the maximum of loathesomeness. There was no reason for her to roll her eyes quite so grotesquely; to drag the corners of her mouth into that sour droop; to overdress the flashy actress in It's Love I'm After, quite so repulsively.

The over-intensity of her acting was embarrassing. One became more conscious of her own antagonism than of the character she was portraying. One could almost hear her saying: "I can't be glamourous. All right! I'll make myself a sight. Hate me as much as you like—but just watch me act!"

Bette had to force the pace like that to prove her point. She had to bludgeon people into noticing what she was doing, just as the suffragettes drew attention to their cause by attacking policemen and breaking windows.

I finally took to going to see Bette's films only when I expected the story itself to be worth while, never for the star. In much the same pessimistic spirit of duty I saw Jezebel.

For just about ten minutes I felt all the old reactions. There was Bette Davis, assuming an accurate Southern accent, behaving with conscientious authenticity like a proud Southern belle, with the gentlemen at her feet. I thought, without the looks or born charm, could she more than describe Julie? Could she animate her?

Then, when I felt the agony of her humiliation in the ballroom scene where she had scandalised society, I realised that Bette was giving something she had never fully realised before.

By the end of the heart-rending scene she had broken down my last resistance. It no longer mattered that she did not look the part, that she did not give one Julie's authentic exterior because she gave one everything the girl felt. This was more than authenticity, it was truth.

This performance is Bette's decisive victory. She handles it as though, having brought her enemies to their knees she had decided to be merciful. By the pure power of imaginative acting she gives a performance as vivid and inspiring as any star display of personality—and at an infinitely deeper level of truth.

Her victory in Jezebel establishes a precedent for women character stars. It is a greater achievement even than the character triumphs of Paul Muni. For while Muni's great studies are achieved by the building-up of external details, Bette's is acted from deep inside herself.

Her performance has so much more truth than the usual synthetic Hollywood show that it is more akin to the work of those great French players who seem to BE the characters they play—however often you see them.

Such acting is more than a personal victory in Bette's long fight. It is a pioneer victory which should set an example to other stars possessing all advantages Bette lacks; and may open up the way to a new standard of Hollywood stardom.

Most of filmland's decided blondes decided it themselves . . .

Hollywood's Phoney Blondes

(Condensed from the Montreal Standard)

NINETY per cent. of the screen's blondes aren't.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the "platinum blondes," known as "white blondes" to the hairdressing trade, get that way through the use of bleaches and dyes.

Shown a list of 150 women most popular in motion pictures today, Westmore could find only ten whom he would list as "true blondes."

In his list of "true blondes" in pictures today, Westmore names Anita Louise, Mary Carlisle, Alice Faye, Virginia Bruce, Sonja Henie, Madeleine Carroll, Priscilla Lane, Carole Lombard, and the Bennett sisters, Joan and Constance.

It was an improvement in photography and in the lighting of sets a few years ago which brought about the sudden rush of blondes, real and synthetic, to the screen, according to the make-up expert. Before the days of "back lighting," he explains, the color of a woman's hair made little difference to the camera.

Then cameramen began to backlight women's heads, which, in the case of a blonde, haloed the head so that it gave a third dimension effect—adding to the realism of the scene and the beauty of the subject.

Once the discovery became generally known and used, almost every woman not already firmly

typed as a brunette wanted to gain this desired effect. She went to the hairdresser to get it. The result was, as noted—a plethora of blondes in Hollywood.

The wig situation is a deep, dark secret in Hollywood—or at least the actors and the make-up people try to keep it such.

"If we told all we knew about the feminine stars who depend on wigs for those beautiful coiffures, Hollywood would be shorn of a lot of its glamor," said one of the leading make-up men. "I know seven prominent actresses who would have been through five years ago if they hadn't resorted to false hair. One of them is practically bald on top."

A number of the stars own hair is difficult for hairdressers to adjust properly. So they simply use somebody else's hair. Binnie Barnes is one. Binnie's own hair has never been seen on the screen. That beautiful blonde coiffure that forms such a striking part of her attractiveness is removable, and Binnie has it well insured.

Among actresses popularly supposed to be "true blondes," but actually brunettes, are Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, Claire Trevor, Lana Turner, Marion Davies and Jeanette MacDonald.

On certain studio make-up rolls, Westmore's classification of Carole Lombard as a "true blonde" is disputed. Carole herself will make no admissions. Familiarly known to fandom as "the glamorous blonde Carole," why would she chance killing off that profit-paying catchline? But early pictures stamp her as a definite brunette.

With no attention from her hairdresser for a few weeks following the recent birth of her child, Joan Blondell made an emergency public appearance the other day as a dark brown brunette—and a lot of old friends had trouble recognizing her.

Bette Davis is a natural brunette who was last in the Hollywood shuffle until she began experimenting with hair dye. Before her option was dropped by Universal and picked up by Warner Brothers, at the request of George Arliss, Bette had gone blonde. When she went to England, Bette was advised to look less "artificial." So she let her hair return to its natural shade. And she has allowed it to remain that way ever since.

Alice White, one of the first of the jazz age "flapper" stars, really was responsible for the mania. Alice was, and still is, very much of a brunette, but she was known to fandom in years gone by as the typical American "blonde baby."

As a matter of record, try and find a well known actress who hasn't changed hair shade, not once, but several times! Press agents struggle to find new names for new shades. Betty Grable is called a "honey blonde." Anita Louise is a "gilt blonde," and she is one of the few who have never changed the shade.

Movie Digest brings you a complete novelization of . . .

SWEETHEARTS

By Gertrude Gelbin

Broadway Darlings

Broadway blazed with the brilliance of the season's smartest opening. Myriad lights from the theatre marquee proclaimed the occasion:

Sixth Anniversary Performance
Gwen Marlowe and Ernest Lane
In
"Sweethearts"
A Felix Lehman Production

Gwen Marlowe and Ernest Lane! Their names spelled rapturous romance to millions of theatre-goers. Their elopement and marriage on the opening night of the play had made them the darlings of the theatre world! Six years of playing their "Sweetheart" roles on the stage had not lessened the splendor of their performance. Six years of being sweethearts in reality had not dimmed the fervor of their romance.

Tonight, Manhattan's smart set gathered once again to pay them homage in celebration of their sixth anniversary performance in "Sweethearts."

The evening spelled electrifying glamour and romance to those in front of the footlights, but all was not rosy with the great force that pulled the strings back stage.

Felix Lehman, the producer, was in a dither of despondency. "He's here again," he groaned abysmally to Dink, his press agent.

"Who's here?" demanded Dink.

"That Norman Trumpett. That man from the Sam Silver Studios in Hollywood."

His voice grew husky with fear as he expanded on the possible consequences of Trumpett's visit. What had become of all the stars that used to be on Broadway? Trumpett had signed them up for the movies. What would become of Gwen and Ernest if Trumpett ever got his hooks into them? They'd go to Hollywood. After that? The deluge. "Sweethearts" would fold up like a tent.

And what was there to prevent this terrible catastrophe? Nothing! Felix had no contract with Gwen and Ernest. They could leave the show any time at all. They were his very own "kiddies" and theirs was a gentleman's agreement. They had promised to remain with "Sweethearts" as long as the show played to paying business—but they had made that promise six years ago. Maybe they'd forget about it if Trumpett started talking Hollywood at them!

At the moment, Felix's "kiddies" hadn't a thought of Hollywood or anything like it in mind. Gwen

(Copyright 1938 by Loew's Inc.)

was hastily getting into her last act costume.

A note came whizzing under her door.

"Quick—Hannah—" she cried, and Hannah, her dresser, rushed to pick up the note. Gwen seized it with eager hands.

"Darling!" she read. "Six years with you are like six minutes. Six minutes without you are like six years. Ernest."

She kissed the note tenderly before placing it in a cupboard that held countless others like it.

"He sends you one every night after the performance," Hannah observed, shaking her head at the wonder of it.

"After matinee, too," Gwen laughed.

Kay Jordan, her secretary hurried into the room, her hands filled with letters. "What shall I do about these invitation," she asked. "Want to accept any of them?"

"Miss Marlowe regrets," Gwen smiled. "Miss Marlowe already has an engagement for this evening. And it's something pretty special, too. Miss Marlowe wouldn't give it up for the world!" She blew a light kiss at Ernest's picture on her dressing table.

Kay laughed. "I thought so. I just heard the same thing from Miss Marlowe's husband."

The call boy knocked at the door and Gwen hurried out to take her place on stage. At the close of the last act, she ran back and fell into a chair. "I'm dead, Hannah," she groaned. Then—"Quick—get me the old blue dress—"

In record time she was out of her costume, and make-up, and, wearing the old blue dress, was knocking at Ernest's door. He flung it open. For an instant they paused taking in the gladsome picture of each other He—in a worn gray suit. She—in her shabby dress.

"Darling he murmured and folded her in his arms.

Gwen sighed rapturously. "Remember this dress?" she murmured. It's six years old today. It was the something blue."

He nodded and pointed to his suit. "The groom, I recall, wore gray."

"It was funny, wasn't it, darling—sneaking out of the last rehearsal to get married?"

"It was a very good way to get married," he answered solemnly.

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him roundly.

"Any complaints, Mrs. Lane?" he asked.

"I certainly have, Mr. Lane."

He drew back in surpise.

"Oh, it's nothing personal," she reassured. "But we never have time to ourselves."

"We certainly don't," he said grimly. "And from now on, beginning tonight, we're going to do something about it."

She clapped her hands. "Where are we going?"

"Where do you think?" he teased.

"Angelo's!" she cried. "Oh—wasn't our wedding supper wonderful?"

"Swell!" he beamed. "That's why we're going there tonight."

"Oh, Ernest! Just think of it! We'll be all alone—"

"And nobody will know us—"

"And nobody will ask us to sing—"

"And we won't have to get up—"

"And there won't be crowds of moonstruck women climbing all over you for autographs—"

"And there won't be any orchestra playing the songs from 'Sweethearts'—"

"And we'll be alone," she murmured, her head on his shoulder.

"And we'll be together—" he kissed her cheek.

"And it will be quiet," she whispered. "It'll be peaceful—it'll be heaven—"

"And our families won't be anywheres around—"

"Well — then — come on — let's go—"

Hand in hand they all but ran down the corridor leading to the stage door. A sudden voice called out to them!"

"Children!"

It was Felix.

"Children!" he called in a voice of liquid sweetness. "Why, where are you going?"

"Out," Ernest announced blandly.

"Good night," Gwen amended pleasantly.

"But children!" Felix grew pale. "You can't go out this way. You're supposed to come to the party."

"What party?" Gwen asked flatly.

"My party," explained Felix. "Just one little table at the Mirabeau."

Ernest patted him on the shoulder. "Sorry, old man. But we've got another date."

"Thanks for asking us, Felix," Gwen said sweetly.

"Look — no — listen — " Felix spluttered, "You've—why you've *got* to come. We've been planning this for weeks."

"We do not *got* to," Gwen answered firmly. "We've been planning *this* for a year."

"Look here, Felix," Ernest said firmly. "We're not going to get dragged into anything tonight. I'm putting my foot down."

"And I'm putting mine down, too," Gwen cried.

Felix looked up at them with sad eyes. "You don't have to put them down on my heart, do you?" he asked pitifully.

Gwen threw her arms about him. "Felix! Don't talk like that."

"I'm sorry." His voice broke. "It was just the—the disappointment that was too much for me. I'm an old man—and I don't have many pleasures." He smiled at them bravely. "But don't you mind. Just think of yourselves. Forget about me."

"Oh, Felix!" Gwen's voice throbbed with contrition. "We never forget you."

"No, no," he protested. "Don't think of me. Turn your back on the few old friends who want to share a little of your happiness. They don't matter. Because you're what counts. I'm glad you're being selfish."

"Now, just a minute, there, Felix," cried Ernest. "We never turned a back on an old friend in our lives."

"And you needn't think we're going to start tonight," Gwen amended with asperity.

"Of course, Felix," said Ernest sternly, "if you don't want us to come—all you have to do is tell us."

Gwen shook a finger at him. "Felix Lehman! If you try to keep us from coming, I—I'll put my foot down."

"My kiddies!" beamed Felix, his eyes wet with gratitude.

Gwen and Ernest sighed. Fled and gone was the beautiful evening they had wanted and planned. Dutifully, they followed Felix back into the theatre and made their way to their dressing rooms.

They emerged, not too long afterward, sleek, slick, glamorous, stunning—the Gwen Marlowe and Ernest Lane whom Broadway loved and cheered. Ernest escorted her gallantly to their car.

"The Mirabeau," he told their chauffeur, wearily. He reached toward the radio. "Shall we see what's going on in the rest of the world?"

She nodded. "Please. Nobody plays the radio as well as you do."

He turned the dial. Out sang "Sweethearts" played by a swing orchestra.

"I think I've heard that number," she observed pleasantly. "Do try another station."

He sighed. The second attempt netted a Hawaiian band playing "Sweethearts"—the third "Sweethearts" by a Cuban Rumba orchestra. He snapped off the radio. "It's no use," he muttered. "We can't get away from it."

"There's no escape," she wailed. "And it'll go on—and on—and on —just like this—unless—" she paused. "You know, darling—that man from that movie studio in Hollywood — Trumpett — he's in town again. He sent us the sweetest little tree, all full of oranges and things—"

"Did he?" Ernest asked gloomily. "They say they have swell prize fights in Hollywood."

"Oh, what's the use," Gwen sighed. "Can you imagine our families? And what would Felix say?"

Ernest shuddered at the thought.

"Felix is a sweet old thing at that," Gwen said tenderly. "We couldn't have disappointed him tonight—" The vision of the evening they had planned and wanted for themselves floated before her. "We really couldn't have," she hurried on "Felix and you and me and a few old friends—we'll have a lovely time—"

The car stopped and the chauffeur flung open the door. Gwen and Ernest entered the Mirabeau.

From the main dining room came the orchestral blare of "Sweethearts."

They glanced at each other in momentary dismay. Then with a shrug, they turned to the main staircase. Their faces flushed with rage as they looked into the dining room below.

A heart-shaped table, centered, took up the entire floor space. Surrounding it, glasses in hand, awaiting their entrance, were a hundred faces they knew well — journalists, society people, critics, publishers, actors from the other Broadway hits, and the entire "Sweethearts" company — lock, stock and barrel.

"They're here!" shouted Felix, and the entire assemblage burst into cheers.

Just one table? A quiet little party? A few old friends? Felix had tricked them again! For a moment Gwen and Ernest were of a mind to turn on their heels and run. But the moment passed. With an inward groan of rage, they marched down the stairs, smiling their greeting to all and sundry.

The Plot Thickens

What Felix actually staged at the Mirabeau was not a gathering of any kind. It was a hoopla affair —a gigantic ballyhoo for "Sweethearts," wired for sound on a coast-to-coast broadcast.

"It's the biggest publicity stunt we've ever pulled!" beamed Dink, press agent of the show.

Kay Jordan, secretary to Gwen and Ernest, glanced at their frozen faces. "It may be your last!" she warned.

Which was exactly the thought of Norman Trumpett as he watched them grit their teeth and go through their paces, broadcasting the entire show, posing for photographs, giving press interviews, signing autographs — in short, playing once again the roles that had become anathema to them:

"Sweethearts" is produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II, with the following cast:

Gwen Marlowe..Jeanette MacDonald
Ernest Lane ..... Nelson Eddy
Felix Lehman ..... Frank Morgan
Hans ..... Ray Bolger
Kay Jordan ..... Florence Rice
Leo Kronk ..... Mischa Auer
Oscar Engel ..... Herman Bing
Norman Trumpett
Reginald Gardiner
Hannah ..... Fay Holden
"Dink" ..... Allyn Joslyn
Appleby ..... Olin Howland
Mrs. Marlowe ..... Lucille Watson
Augustus ..... Gene Lockhart
Aunt Amelia .... Kathleen Lockhart
Sheridan ..... Berton Churchill
Brother ..... Terry Kilburn
Orlando ..... Raymond Walburn
Harvey ..... Douglas McPhail
Una ..... Betty Jaynes
Benjamin Silver ..... George Barbier
Concert Pianist ..... Dalies Frantz

Glamorous Gwen and Thrilling Ernest, the Darlings of Broadway.

In a flash he realized the right tactics to pursue if he hoped for success in signing them up for pictures. The *glory* of movie fame would never appeal to them. What they wanted was peace and quiet. The story to tell them should be about Golden California, the land of sunshine, orange ranches, open spaces, leisure and swimming pools.

Norman managed to drive them home in his car. He told them that story in such a way that by the time they arrived at their house, he had all he could do to refrain from reaching for a contract and a fountain pen.

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Trumpett," Gwen smiled wearily as she and Ernest alighted from the car.

"And thanks for telling us all about Hollywood," Ernest said.

"It sounds so beautiful!" Gwen sighed. "Well—Good night."

Trumpett bowed. And his face, as he watched them mount the stairs, had on it the look of the cat that swallowed the canary.

Gwen and Ernest quietly turned the key in the lock. As they opened the door of their house a cacaphony of sound roared down on them. They looked at each other in dismay.

"They're still up!" wailed Gwen.

The door of the drawing room flew open and almost immediately Gwen's mother, her brother and her Cousin Augustus, and Ernest's Aunt Amelia and Uncle Sheridan pounced upon them.

"Come in, dears, come right in," Gwen's mother called.

"But Mother," protested Gwen, "it's too late!"

"Now, now. You musn't think of us. You know we're never too tired to have a little talk with our children."

For a moment it seemed as if Gwen and Ernest would rebel. Then, with a shrug, they accepted their lot. Cousin Augustus made a leap for the piano, pounding out a march for their entrance. Within five minutes the drawing room took on the sights and sounds of a rehearsal hall as each member of the family illustrated the song and the dance which had made him and her the Musical Comedy Toast of their day! Marlowes and Lanes — Marlowes and Lanes — they'd held the center of the stage for generations!

Kay Jordan marched into the room. "Well!" she cried, pointing an accusing finger at Gwen and Ernest. "You two should be in bed if you're going to do that broadcast tomorrow morning."

"We don't broadcast tomorrow morning — we broadcast Friday evening," Gwen answered.

Kay turned in exasperation to the family in general. "They didn't give you my message that the broadcast had been changed because of the Fireside Chat Friday evening?"

"We can't broadcast tomorrow —we've got a matinee."

"It's before matinee—between one and two—"

"You're slipping, Kay," laughed Ernest. "I've a recording between one and two."

"Now it's between twelve and twelve thirty — then you can buckle on your roller skates and whizz over to the broadcast."

"But why tomorrow?" protested Gwen. "Why not Thursday—or Friday?"

Kay menaced the entire family with a look. Each one started to explain at once. Aunt Amelia had arranged for Gwen and Ernest to appear at the Juliet Club Thursday morning—Mrs. Marlowe had promised them for a benefit Thursday afternoon — Friday, Uncle Sheridan arranged for them to play at the Thespians reception—that is, after they'd helped Cousin Augustus award diplomas at Brother's Dramatic School Friday morning.

"It's only this once," soothed Mrs. Marlowe.

"But it isn't this once!" Gwen cried. "You do this all the time. Every single day there's something —" she stoppd short. "Oh, alright. You've made the promises and we'll keep them." She rested her weary head on Ernest's shoulder. "Come darling, let's call it an evening —"

As they start out for the room, they were stopped in their tracks by violent ringing of the door bell. Kay and the butler rushed to answer it. The doors swung open wide.

"Uncle Orlando!" groaned Ernest.

And indeed it was! Uncle Orlando Lane, returned from his unsuccessful tour of "Pirates of Penzance". . . but not alone. He'd come back to roost with his entire company!

Beaming with good-will, Uncle Orlando announced that the road had been unkind to him and his players and so they were all very happy to accept Ernest's and Gwen's hospitality until such time as they could manage the financial coup that would send them out on the road again.

Ernest reached into his pocket for his check book and pointed the way to the library. Orlando, all smiles and good humor followed him, while the troupe repaired en masse to the dining room.

Loud protests arose on all sides of Gwen. Was Ernest going to finance Orlando again? But Mrs. Marlowe had plans to revive "Dolly Varden" — and hadn't they promised C o u s i n Augustus a chance to make another farewell tour in the "Count of Luxemborg?"

Aunt Amelia bristled. Were Mrs. Marlowe and Augustus trying to dissuade Ernest Lane from helping Orlando, representative of the all time — Orlando Lane and THE Lanes?

A battle royal broke out among them. The Lanes the greatest theatrical family? Nonsense — it was the Marlowes who held that honor.

"Stop it!" shrieked Gwen. "Stop it! Stop it! STOP IT! I can't stand it any longer. I've got to have quiet. I've got to have a life of my own—and I'm going to get it. Ernest and I know where we can get it —"

Ernest came running into the room.

"Ernest! We're going to Hollywood!"

"You're wonderful!" he cried.

"Phone Trumpett," she begged.

"I just did," he shouted.

"Oh, darling," she wept as she collapsed in his arms. "You're wonderful."

But nobody down at Felix Lehman's office thought either of them wonderful when they broke the news next day. This, then, was the end of "Sweethearts."

Felix called a council of mourning. He, Appleby, his accountant, Dink, Leo, his librettist and Oscar, his composer conferred on the tragedy of it all.

"Trumpett is signing my kiddies up for years — for a lifetime — for a joint contract!" he wailed. "He wants them because they're the greatest team in the world!"

Leo looked up quickly. "Felix! Suppose they weren't a team — suppose they were separated?"

Dink snorted with impatience. "How you going to separate two people as much in love as Marlowe and Lane? Why he writes her love letters after every performance — and hasn't missed once in six years!"

"Love letters?" cried Leo. "Ah! The universal truth in my great, unproduced play cannot be wrong. A woman in love can always be made to believe that she has a rival—can you get me those love letters?"

Dink hesitated.

"Get me those letters," Leo cried. "And if you do—the day is saved! I promise Marlowe and Lane will not go to Hollywood."

And Dink got Leo the letters.

A week later, as Gwen was attending to the thousand and one details of packing for Hollywood, Leo burst in upon her.

"I've written a play," he announced and sat down. "I'm going to read it to you." He zipped open his briefcase and took out a massive script.

"Oh—no—Leo," Gwen cried—"I mean it's perfectly darling of you—but I'm so rushed today. Last performance tonight — contracts to sign — packing to do—"

"This play was written for you, my dear," he said, unperturbed, and began to read. "Act one. Scene one. The drawing room of a Long Island country house. You are lying on a divan in a ravishing tea gown."

Gwen shrugged and turned to her packing.

"Your husband enters," Leo continued. "He says: 'Hello, my beautiful one!' You say, 'Hello Cyril' " —

Gwen picked up a pair of shoes.

"Then he says: 'Darling, we've been married six years' —" he

cleared his throat as if in preparation to read a most important line. "He says: 'But six years with you are like six minutes. Six minutes without you are like six years.' "

Gwen dropped the shoes to the floor with a bang.

"What does he say?" she demanded sharply.

"He says: 'Six years with you are like six minutes. Six minutes without you are like six years.' Charming isn't it?"

She stared at him unable to answer. Those were the very words Ernest had written in the love note he sent her on their wedding anniversary. She caught herself up suddenly.

"Yes — yes — they're charming. Did you — Did you make that speech up yourself?"

"No," he answered. "Not exactly." He raised the script to begin reading once more.

"I'm — I'm just curious," Gwen persisted. "I'd — well — where did you get that line about 'Six years with you are like six minutes?' It's — it's so, sort of special —"

Leo smiled wisely. "It *is* special. It was a note written by a man very much in love. I liked it so much I put it in my play."

"Really!" she cried. "And who —who is the man?"

He frowned mysteriously. "I only know the lady in the case," he whispered. "I cannot betray her confidence. The man I understand is married. It's one of those very sad love stories. He's been in love with this girl for years. The wife, of course knows nothing about it — "

"This man's wife —" gasped Gwen—"she knows nothing about it?"

"Nothing," replied Leo. "It goes right on under her nose — but that's always the way—the wife is always the last to find out—"

"Did the girl show you any other notes from this man?"

"Oh, yes. she has hundreds. He writes her one every day. I took the less intimate ones and used them in my play." He thumbed through the script. "Here's a rather nice one: 'If you ever want the moon, my darling, will you let me fetch it for you?' Pretty—isn't it?"

Gwen clutched a chair for support.

"And here's another one," Leo continued suavely. "It goes: 'All the world's asleep but us' — "

"Please! Please, Leo!" Gwen's voice trembled. "I—I can't hear any more now — "

He rose quickly. "I understand. It is a day of confusion. You were very gracious to receive me at all — and I will not take advantage of your kindness. I will dedicate my play to you!"

With a gallant bow and a click of the heels, he hurried out.

The door closed behind him.

Gwen stood irresolute, staring into space. Every letter the married man had written this girl he loved was a duplicate of the letters Ernest had written to her. Leo

said the man loved the other woman. Leo said the wife was a fool who didn't know the truth. Leo said — She let out a sob of anguish. Who was this woman with whom Ernest had been deceiving her for so long? She buried her face in her hands and her world came crashing down upon her.

A Comedy of Errors

In a daze, Gwen crossed the threshould from her room to Ernest's. Her unseeing eyes fell upon a picture on his table. A sudden gleam of understanding lighted her face. The picture was of Kay, Ernest and herself, walking down Park Avenue. Gwen was looking straight into the camera, but Ernest was smiling intimately at Kay, whose face was turned up to his. Gwen frowned. Could it be Kay? She looked up into a large mirror which hung from the wall and saw reflected the open door leading to Kay's room. Her hand flew to her heart as, for the first time, she realized what the proximity of Kay's room to Ernest's might mean!

In a flash she recalled the two as she had seen them that very afternoon! Kay — charming in lounging pajamas, on the daybed, taking dictation. Ernest, in dressing gown, pacing up and down. Hadn't he been just a bit too ready in his greeting to her as she had entered the room?

She heard Ernest moving about in his room and she stood rooted to the spot, congealed with fury. A note was slipped under the door. She swooped down upon it. Her face paled and her eyes filled with tears of hurt and rage as she opened it and read it.

"Darling!" the note ran, "Everytime you look in the mirror you see my favorite person."

This, then, was the last, convincing straw. She dropped the note and ran blindly from the room, colliding headlong with Kay in the corridor.

"Hello —" laughed Kay, but Gwen rushed past her.

"These crazy kids!" Kay murmured as she entered her room. The note on the floor caught her immediate attention. She picked it up an tossed it on her desk.

"Come in," she called in answer to a knock on her door. Ernest poked in his head. "Oh—hello—I found the note," she smiled. "I'll phone the jewelers to pick it up immediately so they can engrave it on the vanity case. You sure picked a beauty. Gwen will love it."

"I think she'll like it, too," he beamed. "Think the inscription is alright?"

Kay opened the note and read it. "Swell! It's going to be fun when everytime Gwen opens her vanity and looks in her mirror she reads that message from you. But, say, young man — isn't it time you were setting out for the theatre?"

"I'm on my way — just stopping to collect Gwen."

But when he knocked at her door, the maid told him she'd gone; and when he arrived at the theatre and tried the door of her dressing room, he found it locked; and when during performance, he tried to speak to her, she froze him with a glance; and finally, when Trumpett arrived with the contracts, she played her trump card.

For Gwen informed Trumpett, his lawyers, Kay Jordan and her husband that she was not going to sign the contract because she was *not going to Hollywood!*

After the third act, and at the conclusion of the hubbub and excitement attendant to this, their final Broadway performance of "Sweethearts," Ernest cornered her and demanded an explanation.

"Oh, this is too much!" she cried, enraged. "Don't stand there and try to act innocent. I know the kind of creature you are. I saw that note you put under Kay's door today!"

"The note I put under Kay's door?" he repeated in bewilderment. Then a light dawned. "Oh, darling!" he cried and forthwith began to explain to her. The note was an inscription he wanted engraved on the vanity he had bought her as a surprise.

But his very honesty made him seem the more guilty! Gwen laughed contemptuously. One word brought forth another. For the first time in their six years of playing together in "Sweethearts," they rode home separately.

The next day, Ernest moved to his club.

Broadway rocked with news. Leo, Dink, and Appleby were overjoyed at the breakdown of Trumpett's plans. Gwen and Ernest were not going to Hollywood! "Sweethearts" was saved! But Felix Lehman was miserable.

"I don't like it," he wailed. "My kiddies have separated. I can't sleep nights worrying about it—"

And in the end, the plan proved a boomerang. For neither Gwen nor Ernest would consent to play in the same company together. Felix solved that difficulty by sending out two road companies, with Gwen heading the one, and Ernest the other.

It was, alas, a sad compromise! Something was gone from both their performances — the something that had made them the greatest co-starring romantic team on Broadway — the something that had made life worth while for them: their happiness together.

Then, one day, Dink rushed in to warn Felix Lehman.

"Felix!" he cried. "They're here —they'll be uptairs and in here any moment —"

"Who's here? Who —" cried Felix in sudden fright.

"Gwen and Ernest—together."

"You're crazy! She's playing in Chicago and he's down in Washington —"

The door burst open and Gwen

and Ernest advanced menacingly upon him.

"Ahhh—My Kiddies!" he faltered in the best Big Pappa manner he could muster.

"Don't you 'My Kiddies' us, Felix Lehman!" Gwen shouted.

"We found out what you did!" Ernest roared. "You stole my love letters and gave them to Leo and he planted that wild idea into Gwen's head about Kay —"

Felix rose, trying to remonstrate, but Gwen pushed him back in his chair.

"You did it to try to keep us from going to Hollywood," she stormed. "Well you've made a fine job of that. Tell him, Ernest."

"We're going to Hollywood, Felix—and we're not going to wait for a train. We're going to fly!" Ernest reached into his pocket and waved their plane tickets in Felix's face. "Just to show you!"

"And we're leaving today—right now!" Gwen drew her arm inside Ernest's. "And that will show you, Felix Lehman! Come on, darling."

They turned on their heels and started for the door.

"I guess you're right," Felix said sadly.

They stopped short.

"I guess I was wrong," he continued. "You said you wanted to get away from New York. And now you've been away from New York — travelling — all over the country — and you know what it's like away from New York."

Gwen and Ernest exchanged a quick and thoughtful glance. Indeed they did know what it was like away from New York. It was terrible!

Felix walked over to his window and looked down at the scene below. Gwen and Ernest stood irresolute for a moment, then quietly took their places at his side. As they gazed upon the Broadway which was so much a part and parcel of themselves, their hearts grew heavy. All their love of the theatre and its tradition found expression in their faces.

Felix threw them a sly glance. "If you don't belong here, you don't belong here," he murmured. "And I guess you two just don't belong."

Gwen seized his arm. "What do you mean, saying we don't belong here, Felix Lehman!"

Ernest glared at him. "We couldn't live any place else," he shouted.

"We can't breathe any other air but this," Gwen cried.

"And if you think you can ship us off to Hollywood —," Ernest began.

Felix stared from the one to the other, unable to conceal his joy. "My kiddies!" he faltered.

Gwen reached for her handkerchief. "Saying we don't belong here —"

Ernest cleared the lump in his throat. "We belong here as much as you do —"

"We belong wherever you are," Gwen began. Then, throwing her arms about him, she buried her head in his shoulder. "Oh, Felix!"

she wept. "You—you awful old crook."

Felix threw his arms about them both. Suddenly the tension cleared and the three began to laugh happily. Gwen reached for a chocolate in the jar on Felix's desk. Ernest took his pipe and tobacco pouch from his pocket.

"No you don't!" a voice commanded from the doorway.

They swung around to see Kay, smiling in upon them.

Gwen rushed to her with open arms. "Oh, Kay —"

Ernest seized her hand in his. "Now we *are* home again!"

Kay scolded with mock severity. "Look at you two! Eating candy and smoking! You're going to be in great shape for that—that—" she paused and winked at Felix—"for that Broadway re-opening of 'Sweethearts' !!"

"Broadway re-opening?" they both cried at once.

Felix beamed. "We'll open again on Broadway next week!"

And once again, Broadway blazed with the brilliance of the season's smartest event! The lights from the theatre marquee proclaimed the occasion:

Gala Re-Opening
Gwen Marlowe and Ernest Lane
In
"SWEETHEARTS"
A Felix Lehman Production

Behind the footlights, Fred, the show's comedian, wowed them again with his riotous dance routine. The chorus went through its paces with a verve greater than ever before! The new sets and new costumes sparkled and gleamed. This was indeed, the season's smartest theatre event!

In the box office, Appleby, the accountant, sorted the bills and coins, his ledgers open on the desk before him.

"Same as the week we opened!" he called ecstatically.

In the wings, Hannah, Gwen's dresser, and Harry, Ernest's valet, watched the show with happy eyes.

In his box sat Felix, proud and jubilant, his glance wandering approvingly over his packed house.

In the tier above sat all the Lanes and all the Marlowes—Aunt Amelia, Uncle Sheridan, Uncle Orlando, Mrs. Marlowe, Cousin Augustus and Brother, beaming with delight and pride.

Brother sat with chin in hand, his thoughts on the critics. What a night! What a show! What a re-opening! Wow!

Oscar, the "Sweethearts" composer, baton in hand, turned for a final glare at the third aisle, center. Leo all but rose in his seat. "Idiot!" he hissed — but their battle was drowned out in the orchestral swell of the glorious music.

An electric thrill passed over the audience. To thunderous applause the curtains parted, revealing Gwen and Ernest atop the mountain. Then a hush fell upon the house as their voices, golden with love and happiness, mingled to weave once again their "Sweethearts" spell.

The Reviewing Stand

MOVIE DIGEST presents the most comprehensive reviewing service, divided into four sections for your convenience. In Section (A) we offer extended reviews on the new films. Section (B) brings you thumbnail reviews of films now getting second runs and neighborhood theatre showings. Section (C) is not to be taken as a reviewing section, but merely gives you a brief bit about the plot and players in films which are still in the cutting stage. Section (D) is meant as a guide to pictures which we recommend as suitable for children.

Section "A"

MEN WITH WINGS

Paramount Production in Technicolor, Directed by William A. Wellman, with the following cast:

Pat Falconer ..... Fred MacMurray
Scott Barnes ..... Ray Milland
Peggy Ransom ..... Louise Campbell
Joe Gibbs ..... Andy Devine
Hank ..... Lynn Overman
Hiram Jenkins ..... Porter Hall
Nick Ransom ..... Walter Abel
Martha Ransom ..... Litty Kelly
J. A. Nolan ..... James Burke
Major-General Hadley
Willard Robertson
Pat (*as a child*) ..... Donald O'Connor
Scott (*as a child*) ..... Billy Cook
Peggy (*as a child*) .... Virginia Weidler

Many years ago, in the first days of sound, William Wellman directed an aviation epic called "Wings." Many planes have flown across the screen since then, but now Wellman is back with another big time aerodrama which, despite a rather trite story, still has all the ingredients which will make a big hit with the action fans. Technicolor is a valuable adjunct, always attractive and effective, and frequently making an outstanding contribution to the scenic thrills. The story of "Men With Wings" is an attempt to make it a Cavalcade of Flying, but develops into a yarn about a guy who just has to fly, and his wife, which will remind you of "Test Pilot" to no small degree. Fred MacMurray does a swell job as the flyer, and newcomer Louise Campbell impresses as the wife. Ray Milland is as reliable as ever in any role where gallantry is a virtue. For comedy there is Andy Devine and Lynne Overman, while the three youngsters who appear in the prologue do a particularly nice bit of work.

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SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS

RKO release of an Imperator production, produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox, with the following cast:

Queen Victoria ..... Anna Neagle
Prince Albert ..... Anton Walbrook
Duke of Wellington....C. Aubrey Smith

Prince Ernst ..... Walter Rilla
Sir Robert Peel ..... Charles Carson
Baroness Lehzen ..... Gretta Wegener
Palmerston ..... Felix Aylmer
Princess Royal ..... Pamela Standish
John Brown ..... Gordon McLeod
Disraeli ..... Derrick de Marney
Lord Dexter ..... Frank Cellier

British producer Herbert Wilcox, having done a fine piece of work at filming "Victoria the Great" last year, took a long chance and practically reassembled his former cast and proceeded to make another film on the same subject. The fact that Queen Victoria's reign was an epochal one of great length, that the cast was superb in the first place, that producer Wilcox is also an astute director, and that this one is entirely in Technicolor have produced the happy result of the sequel being even better than the original. Between Helen Hayes' "Victoria Regina" and Wilcox's "Victoria the Great," the subject matter is bound to seem familiar, but it never loses its interest. It is a curiosity that it will probably make just as big a hit with Americans as it will in the British Empire. Wilcox has taken his color camera to all the famous Victorian scenes, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Balmoral, to the Crimean War and the ill-fated Light Brigade, to Gordon's death at Khartoum in the Egyptian campaign and to myriad other items in Victoria's "Sixty Glorious Years." Anna Neagle is again impressive as Victoria and improves upon her previous work in the role, particularly in the scenes of the queen in her old age. Anton Walbrook is again a charming consort in a difficult position. C. Aubrey Smith is outstanding as Wellington and Felix Aylmer makes much of the role of Palmerston. A much larger cast than is listed here fill the supporting roles with a multitude of those fine small character bits which are always a feature of English productions.

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ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES

Warner Brothers' Production, directed by Michael Curtiz, with the following cast:

Rocky Sullivan ..... James Cagney
Jerry Connolly ..... Pat O'Brien
James Frazier ..... Humphrey Bogart
Laury Ferguson ..... Ann Sheridan
Mac Keefer ..... George Bancroft
Soapy ..... Billy Hallop
Swing ..... Bobby Jordan
Bim ..... Leo Gorcey
Patsy ..... Gabriel Dell
Crab ..... Huntz Hall
Hunky ..... Bernard Punsley
Steve ..... Joe Downing
Edwards ..... Edward Pawley
Blackie ..... Adrian Morris
Rocky (*as a child*) ..... Frankie Burke
Jerry (*as a child*) ..... William Tracey
Laury (*as a child*) ....Marilyn Knowlden
St. Brenden's Church Choir

Long experience has made Warner Brothers particularly adroit at turning out gangster and criminal pictures, but all that skill cannot quite camouflage the fact that the "Dead End Kids" plot is being worn rather thin these days. In addition, in "Angels With Dirty Faces" they have given Jimmy Cagney a role which takes a novel

but completely incongruous twist at the end. The story is a "you-take-the-high-road and I'll-take-the-low-road" affair about two gutter buddies. One kid grows up to become a priest, while his pal becomes a tough little crook who is the idol of the next generation of gutter-buddies (the Dead End Kids), who seek to imitate his toughness. So when Mr. Cagney is finally rounded up and scheduled to go to the chair (and this becomes rather gruesome business), he does an about-face and as an example to the kids that crime doesn't pay (We thought Metro had a corner on that idea!) he pretends to turn coward and break down in the death house. This implausible turn is the climax to the picture which boasts a couple of notable performances by its stars, and the usual rough-house business of the D. E. kids. Ann Sheridan, practically only girl in the cast, has little to do.

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THE CITADEL

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release of King Vidor's production with the following cast:

Andrew ..... Robert Donat
Christine ..... Rosalind Russell
Denny ..... Ralph Richardson
Dr. Lawford ..... Rex Harrison
Owen ..... Emlyn Williams
Tuppy LeRoy....Penelope Dudley Ward
Ben Chenkin ..... Francis Sullivan
Mrs. Orlando ..... Mary Clare
Charles Every ..... Cecil Parker
Mrs. Thornton ..... Nora Swinburne
Joe Morgan ..... Edward Chapman
Lady Raebank ..... Athene Seyler

A. J. Cronin's more-than-a-million-copy best seller emerges from M-G-M's British studio to the screen with a happy ending, but otherwise is a very faithful transcription of the book. Director King Vidor and leading lady Rosalind Russell represent the American angle of the production, although chronic moviegoers should still harbor happy memories of Robert Donat from "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The 39 Steps." Donat turns in a very fine performance as the doctor, ably matched by Miss Russell who is sympathetic and sincere as the wife. These two carry the burden of the story, but again (are we becoming repetitious?) there are many outstanding bits in the English supporting cast.

"The Citadel" glorifies the medical profession by exposing its faults and showing its virtues. This "society doctor" angle has been touched before on the screen, but never with the depth and sincerity that you will find in "The Citadel." There are many thrilling sequences, including a mine disaster in Wales and the dynamiting of a sewer. The amputation of an entombed miner's arm is a thrill-chill and a birth of a baby episode is strictly adult fare.

"The Citadel" can be praised (and we hope not damned) by being described as the type of film which adds to the prestige of the industry.

SUBMARINE PATROL

20th Century-Fox Production, directed by John Ford, with the following cast:

Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly, Preston Foster, George Bancroft, Slim Summerville, John Carradine, Joan Valerie, Henry Armetta, Warren Hymer, Douglas Fowley, J. Farrell MacDonald, Maxie Rosenbloom, Dick Hogan, E. E. Clive, George E. Stone, Ward Bond, Charles Tannen, Robert Lowery, Elisha Cook, Jr., Moroni Olsen, Victor Varconi.

Movie fans who like sea stuff are in for a thrilling session when they see "Submarine Patrol" (formerly "Splinter Fleet") because it not only brings a bang-up navy story to the screen, but it brings a new angle on navy pictures. "Submarine Patrol" doesn't deal with the huge cruisers, but confines itself to an exciting narrative about life (and love) in the realm of the small swift submarine chasers of the Great War period. It presents Richard Greene as a society playboy who enlists in the navy and finds himself assigned to a little tub of a boat, and Preston Foster as a captain demoted after court-martial to command of the same boat. The captain has a pretty daughter (Nancy Kelly), and there is a dangerous and pictorially exciting assignment to put an enemy submarine out of commission. You can figure the style and the possibilities of the yarn from that. All the players do a swell job (Maxie Rosenbloom again nearly steals a picture) and the whole thing shapes up as a real first-rate thriller.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

20th Century-Fox Production, directed by Irving Cummings, with the following cast:

Shirley Temple, Joan Davis, Charles Farrell, Amanda Duff, Bill Robinson, Bert Lahr, Franklin Pangborn, Cora Witherspoon, Marilyn Knowlden, Claude Gillingwater, Eddy Conrad, Tony Hughes.

Shirley Temple fans will doubtless enjoy this latest effort of the young star's, and it will particularly appeal to youngsters. Shirley and her father are living in poverty, because, her father tells her, Uncle Sam is hard up and needs money to make jobs for people like him. So Shirley mistakes a wealthy banker for "Uncle Sam" and stages a benefit show for him, which wins dad both a job and a new wife. Shirley has the able assistance of Bill Robinson in dancing, plus Joan Davis and Bert Lahr to add a quota of comedy. Charles Farrell (remember him with Janet Gaynor 'way back when?) shows that he is welcome back and should land into something bigger one of these days for a real comeback.

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BLONDIE

Columbia Production, directed by Frank Strayner, with the following cast:

Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Larry Simms, Gene Lockhart, Ann Doran, Gordon Oliver, Kathleen Lockhart, Richard Fiske, Jonathan Hale, and "Daisy".

Transferring comic strip characters to real life players on the screen is a difficult task, the

myriad followers of the trials and tribulations of Blondie, Dagwood, Baby Dumpling and Daisy, may be somewhat disappointed in this effort to recreate them in the flesh. The picture is good, but it could have been better. The casting is as good as could be found, and the players, especially Arthur Lake, carry out the illusion in fine style. There is practically no story, just a thread upon which to string the predicaments of Dagwood and the pranks of Baby Dumpling.

Section "B"—STILL SHOWING

(Thumbnail reminders about films getting second and subsequent runs)

ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—Swell new romantic and melodramatic version of an old favorite, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Claude Rains, Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale.

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—New type of 'whodunit' with Edward G. Robinson as the investigator who becomes a psychological murderer. Excellent.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—Outstanding cavalcade of Irving Berlin tunes held together by an interesting romance between Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche.

ALGIERS—Another psychological study, this time of a criminal who can't stand being cooped up in the native quarter of Algiers. Charles Boyer is excellent, but this is the Hedy LaMarr picture.

BLOCKHEADS—Last of the Laurel and Hardy combination. First part is very funny, second half up to standard but not as outstanding.

BOYSTOWN—Melodramatic and highly emotional story of Father Flanagan's famous experiment in reclaiming "bad boys," with Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney. Highly recommended, but be sure to take an extra handkerchief.

BLOCKADE—War melodrama laid in the present Spanish scene, with Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda.

BOY MEETS GIRL—Goofie doings in Hollywood, with Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Marie Wilson.

CROWD ROARS—Behind the scenes in the prizefight racket, with Robert Taylor, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Frank Morgan.

CAREFREE—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, dancing to Irving Berlin music, with a brief story about a mental doctor who falls for his patient.

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Dick Powell in a pleasant comedy about a city boy at a dude ranch who has to pose as a real cowboy despite the fact that he is afraid of horses.

DARK RAPTURE—One of the better African travelogues.

EVERGREEN—Popular English production with Jessie Matthews is being revived.

FOUR DAUGHTERS—A thoroughly pleasant story of the home life of a musical family with the Lane girls, Claude Rains, and a notable performance by John Garfield.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—Melodramatic story of the munitions racket and four sons trying to vindicate their father. Cast includes Loretta Young, Richard Greene and David Niven.

FOUR'S A CROWD—Another goofie comedy with Errol Flynn biting a dog. Also in the cast: Rosalind Russell, Patric Knowles and Olivia de Havilland, who don't bite dogs.

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Another of the Warner series, this time it has Rudy Vallee.

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME—Ginger Rogers finds fun and romance at a summer camp with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

HOLD THAT CO-ED—One of the best of the football college comedies, with John Barrymore at his hilarious best.

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE — The Ritz Brothers go hilly-billy, among other things.

KIDNAPPED—Mr. Stevenson would hardly recognize this version with Warner Baxter and Freddie Bartholomew.

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—Shirley Temple and George Murphy in a typical Temple yarn. This time it has a theatrical hotel background.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Adolphe Menjou helps and hinders Andrea Leeds' career again, while Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen provide the humor.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—Third and outstanding yarn of the popular Judge Hardy series, with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.

MARIE ANTOINETTE—Norma Shearer returns to the screen in an appropriately opulent version of the French revolution.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—Popular old timer in which Ruby Keeler does not dance.

MY LUCKY STAR—Sonja Henie skates her way through college, with romantic interludes with Richard Greene.

MR. CHUMP—Johnnie Davis amusingly shows how to make a fortune and what will happen to you if you use his system.

PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—Wallace Beery and Frank Morgan trying to act like a couple of French characters concerned about Maureen O'Sullivan and her baby.

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd reverts to the good old slapstick school of comedy.

RAGE OF PARIS—Danielle Darrieux is the rage of every place. This presents her in an amusing comedy.

ROOM SERVICE—The Marx Brothers somewhat cramped by a lot of plot.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—Amusing romantic comedy about a poor girl and her family who despise her beau because he is rich . . . until he loses his money.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Hefty and spectacular melodrama of the Alaskan salmon fisheries, with George Raft, Henry Fonda and Dorothy Lamour almost overshadowed by a trained seal.

SKY GIANT—Spectacular air stuff about a round-the-world flight, with some far-fetched romance. Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Joan Fontaine.

SOUTH RIDING—Leisurely and striking Grand Hotel of an English countryside. Fine acting.

THAT CERTAIN AGE—Delightful Deanna Durbin joins Jackie Cooper and the Boy Scouts.

THREE BLIND MICE—Three young ladies in search of husbands, lead by Loretta Young, with Joel McCrea as Public Prospect No. 1.

THE TEXANS—Cowboy and Indian stuff in the grand manner, with Joan Bennett and Randolph Scott.

TROPIC HOLIDAY—Martha Raye fights a bull, while Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland supply the romance.

THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—Light-weight hilarity about an innocent country lass in the big city. Janet Gaynor, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M glorifies the newsreel camera-man as portrayed by Clark Gable. Myrna Loy is the girl. Crammed with melodramatic action.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS—Re-issue of popular English production with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Technicolored melodrama of the tall timbers, with Wayne Morris and Charles Bickford doing most of the fighting. Very spectacular action stuff.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—The best of all the cock-eyed comedies, with a superb cast including Lionel Barrymore, James Stewart, Jean Arthur, and Edward Arnold.

Section "C"—CUTTING-ROOM COMMENT

(Brief data to give you an idea of the kind of films that are coming in the next month or so)

THE LAW WEST OF TOMBSTONE (RKO-Radio)

Western story of romance and revenge revolving around the character of a rough but kindly old time westener. Climax will be a stirring gun battle in which an outlaw gang is wiped out. Cast includes Harry Carey, Tim Holt, Jean Rouveral, Clarence Kolb, Evelyn Brent.

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THE STORM (Universal)

Melodramatic thriller which will feature crash of a liner into an iceberg and subsequent sinking of the ship; a fire and explosion on a gasoline tanker; and an operation at sea during a storm, directed by a doctor on another ship. Cast includes Charles Bickford, Preston Foster, Barton MacLane, Tom Brown, Nan Gray, Andy Devine, Frank Jenks, Samuel S. Hinds.

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LOVE BITES MAN (Warner Brothers)

Newspaper sob sister marries ace reporter on condition (not revealed until after marriage) that they provide a home for a boy paroled from reform school. Lad gets mixed up in gangster activities and things look plenty tough until complications are straightened out. Cast includes Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien, Bobby Jordan, Alan Baxter, Douglas Dumbrille, Armand Kaliz.

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GOING PLACES (Warner Brothers)

Dick Powell again afraid of horses. This time he's a faking, boasting braggart who gets involved into having to ride a vicious horse in a steeplechase. Said horse has a musical weakness for the tune "Jeepers Creepers" . . . which makes the rest of the plot fairly obvious. Besides Powell, the cast includes Anita Louise, Larry Williams, Allen Jenkins, Minna Gombell, Walter Catlett, Ronald Reagan, and Louis Armstrong.

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THE SHINING HOUR (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Tired of the glamour and glitter of her career, a famous New York dancer marries and settles down on a mid-western farm, only to find that rural life presents a problem far more hazardous than the one from which she escaped. Joan Crawford portrays the dancer, and the cast includes Margaret Sullavan, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, Fay Bainter, Frank Albertson.

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THE GIRL FROM BROOKLYN (20th Century-Fox)

Misleading title to story laid in North China with bandit armies,

looting, pillaging, etc. Romantic story against melodramatic background concerns American girl entertainer and a newspaper man. Harrowing experiences of refugees and heroism of a consular agent are subsidiary to the main theme. Cast includes Alice Faye, Warner Baxter, Charles Winninger, Arthur Treacher.

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FIVE OF A KIND (20th Century-Fox)

Dionne Quints in their biggest screen appearance to date (2,500 feet devoted to them, as against under a thousand in previous features) in a comedy story about the excitement in Callandar when word arrives that sextuplets have been born elsewhere. It all turns out to be a hoax. Quints will sing, dance and speak lines this time. Cast includes Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero, Gene Hersholt, Slim Summerville, John Qualen, Jane Darwell.

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HEART OF THE NORTH (Warner Brothers)

A technicolor production in which the Mounties lock horns with a ruthless gang of thieves who are after furs and gold ore in the Mackenzie River district. Principal suspect is father of the heroine, and the hero is suspended from the force when it looks as though romance was interfering with duty. A near-lynching preceeds a hair-raising airplane chase in which the real culprit is caught —and so they lived happily ever after. Cast includes Patric Knowles, Dick Foran, Gloria Dickson, Janet Chapman, Anthony Averill, Allen Jenkins and Arthur Gardner.

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ST. LOUIS BLUES (Paramount)

Comedy romance and melodrama about life on a showboat, a side show entertainer who joins the troupe to become an actress, falls in love with the owner, runs away when she thinks she is causing him trouble, but returns in time to be a star and save the showboat when times are bad. Cast includes Dorothy Lamour, Tito Guizar, Maxine Sullivan, Lloyd Nolan, Jessie Ralph, William Frawley.

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DAWN PATROL (Warner Brothers)

Remake of Richard Barthelmess' famous film about the World War flying squadron which gets the dirty assignment and becomes a sort of execution group to which raw recruits are assigned only to be slaughtered. Friendships and enmities develop among the men, and the film ends with an outburst of heroism and plenty of thrilling air stuff. Cast includes Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Morton Lowry, Donald Crisp, Melville Cooper, Barry Fitzgerald, Michael Brooke, Carl Esmond.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
(Paramount)

Not as musical as you might expect, but a play with incidental music. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross, who made such a hit singing the song in "Big Broadcast of 1938," are teamed in a story of married bliss nearly going on the rocks because of too many friends. Principal musical number is a new topical version of the title song. Cast includes Charles Butterworth, Otto Kruger, Hedda Hopper, Laura Hope Crews.

DEVIL'S ISLAND
(Warner Brothers)

A doctor, having aided an escaped criminal (professionally, of course) is himself sentenced to the defunct French Penal colony, where he experiences all the horrors, injustices and cruelties which made Devil's Island infamous throughout the world. Strictly a melodramatic thriller, the story has no romantic angle. Cast includes Boris Karloff, James Stephenson, Nedda Harrigan, Rolla Gourvich, Stuart Holmes, Leonard Mudie, Pedro de Cordoba.

Section "D"—FILMS FOR CHILDREN

Movie Digest is founded upon a firm belief in the integrity of the motion picture industry, and when we bring you this separate listing of "Films Suitable for Children," it is not that we believe that movies as a rule are unsuitable, but rather that we do believe that the subject matter of some films will appeal more to children than in other instances. This is because the motion picture is growing up and becoming an adult art. For a film not to listed here as suitable for children is no reflection upon its moral standard, but in the vast majority of cases merely indicates that it may be "over the head" of the average child. We have no hesitancy in recommending the following as suitable for children:

Men With Wings
Sixty Glorious Years
Adventures of Robin Hood
Alexander's Ragtime Band
Blockheads
Boystown
The Crowd Roars
Carefree
Cowboy From Brooklyn
Four Daughters
Four Men and a Prayer
Hold That Co-Ed
Kidnapped
Little Miss Broadway
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mother Carey's Chickens
My Lucky Star
Professor Beware
Sky Giant
That Certain Age
The Texans
Too Hot to Handle
Valley of the Giants

All kinds of items can be found in the editor's scrap book, so we just call them . . .

Shorts

You can get signed photographs of Elsa Maxwell and Ethel Merman for a dollar a piece, same as Franchot Tone, Nazimova, Alexander Woolcott, Ed Wynn, ZaSu Pitts, and Bishop Manning (signed letler, not a picture). Mary Pickford (picture) is also a dollar, but Buddy Rogers is only fifty cents. Anna May Wong is half a buck, too, while Harry Richman, Lupe Velez, and Sophie Tucker are thirty-five cents, which seems reasonable.

—*The New Yorker.*

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Wanna be a movie star? According to Director Wesley Ruggles, you only need four qualifications. They are (1) innate ability to react naturally to situations; (2) physical beauty; (3) intelligence to acquire technique; and (4) experience necessary to perfect these traits.

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Jack Benny's favorite story is about two mothers strolling through the park. One pointed to a little fellow with a gigantic head, obviously a hideous deformity . . . "Did you ever see anything like that?" she asked . . . "That's my son!" the other woman replied coldly . . . "But you didn't let me finish," said the first woman. "On him—it's becoming!"

Sonja Henie's skating pictures are credited with making the populace skating conscious and thereby reviving a languishing industry. Sales of ice skates are said to be 150 per cent over last year.

—*Motion Picture Herald.*

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Universal has offered Sam Goldwyn $250,000 for the balance of Andrea Leeds contract, but Sam, who pays Miss Leeds $250 weekly, says "Nothing doing." . . . Talking about low salaries paid by Mr. Goldwyn, handsome Jon Hall receives $200 weekly—although wife Frances Langford gets $3,000 for the same period. (She is not under contract to Sam.)

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"Acting in the movies often consists of knowing a bag of tricks and pulling 'em out one by one as they are called for. It is personality that they are interested in, in Hollywood along with that damned intangible thing called charm. When a favorite picture personality is once established audiences don't want him changed. They resent it if he tries to bury himself in characterization."

—Actor John Barrymore.

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In a movie script written at R.K.O. several years ago, one of the characters was described by the author as "the Jack Osterman

type." Osterman heard about it and applied at the casting office for the role. They told him he wasn't the type. "But I'm Jack Osterman!" protested Jack. "You're still not the type!" was the snapper.

—Walter Winchell.

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Alfred Hitchcock told it at luncheon the other day. It seems that the employment of so many American directors in London film studios aroused resentment among English megaphoners, and so a meeting of the British Cinematographers' Association was held to protest the American invasion. The first speaker at the gathering arose and said: "Gentlemen, it's an outrage—the influx of American directors into our studios is so great that at this very moment ten or twelve of our BEST directors are unemployed—one or two of whom are QUITE GOOD."

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Which reminds us of L. G. Leonard's clever handling of a situation recently. It seems that one of his pictures called for several trucks to be driven into a scene. An actors' representative demanded that professional players be employed to man the trucks, at stunt man's salaries. A long argument ensued. Finally, L. G. stated: "See here—I am simply photographing the trucks—not the men's faces. If you insist. I'll use actors—BUT THEY MUST HAVE TRUCK-DRIVER'S LICENSES." The representative thereupon withdrew his demand, for the time and money involved in obtaining such documents would have amounted to more than the stunt men's salaries.

—Irving Hoffman in the *Hollywood Reporter.*

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Adolphe Menjou owns a gold cigarette case with a unique inscription. When gushing admirers get in his hair with flattery, he casually takes out the case and permits them to read the words engraved thereon. The inscription reads: *"To Adolphe Menjou, from his warmest admirer, Adolphe Menjou."*

—*Cinema Arts.*

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Ginger Rogers does not do her own tap dancing. She is unable to keep up with Astaire and so her shoes are equipped with silencers and while she keeps in step with her partner photographically, the sound is dubbed in from the tapping of Hermes Pan.

—*Stage.*

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Since George Arliss played in Warner Brothers' "Disraeli" it is estimated that he has cleared about $2,000,000 free of tax from screen acting. In England he was taking $200,000 per picture and in America $125,000, the difference being due to double income tax which he has to pay on his American income.

—*Cavalcade.*

Louise Hovick, remembered by the Minsky's with affection as Gypsy Rose Lee, America's outstanding exponent of the strip-tease, is the only actress on the Fox lot who demands the seclusion of curtains while undergoing a fitting at the ladies' wardrobe department.

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If you were to sit through a showing of all the current motion pictures (509 features) you would be in the theatre for 26 days and nights and for 35 minutes longer . . . providing there was no interruption in the screening. If you only spent eight-hour days looking at the film, it would take 78 days.

—*Motion Picture Almanac.*

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A certain extra girl went to a Hollywood dramatic instructor and said: "I haven't any money, but I'm going to get somewhere. I'll pay you back then." The teacher gave the girl a lesson free, believed she had ability, and they made a deal. That extra girl is now a featured player at Warners. Her name is Marie Wilson.

—Sidney Skolsky,
in *Column Review.*

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. ."I am an inveterate movie-goer. Between concerts I always dash to a movie, for several reasons: In the first place, it's been my ambition for years to get an autographed picture of Greta Garbo. Also, my husband says that taking me to the movies is the only way to keep me quiet! And, finally, when I go to the movies, I still have my illusions about them. I know what goes on backstage at the opera; I know the long hours of rehearsals before each performance; I know the months and years of practice which go into the making of a singer. But I know nothing of how movies are made. So when I see a movie, it is as glamorous for me as if I were a little girl in pigtails."

—Lotte Lehman.

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You have to mind your "c's" and "d's" when talking about movie folk, which accounts for a rather humorous typographical error reported from a Los Angeles paper which announced that "Mr. —— has returned to his cuties at the —— Studio."

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To which might be added a happy misprint from "Filmland of India" which announces: "We admit that we have no Waltz Disney!"

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Of all the tributes to the genius of Walt Disney, we like best the unconscious compliment paid by the man who was seeing "Snow White." He was utterly transported by the whole business, particularly by the character of the Old Witch. During her big scene he clutched his companion and whispered with hoarse admiration, "Isn't she doing a wonderful job!"

—*Stage.*

"My greatest day," said Sam Goldwyn recently, "will be the one when I see my son take over my desk in this office." But Sam, Jr., who is 14, wants to be an aviator or a doctor and probably couldn't tell you the name of the picture his father is producing today.

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Mickey Rooney was teasing Cecilia Parker between scenes of the new Judge Hardy picture and finally Cecilia observed: "I think the next Hardy picture should be "Who Killed Andy Hardy?"

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History in the making now seems to provide no role for George Arliss . . . . page Boris Karloff!

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HEIGHT OF OPTIMISM—A lady phoned the manager of a Texas theatre to ask how much the government would claim in taxes if she won the $50,000 Quiz Contest prize!

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Connie Boswell likes a laugh—and doubly when it's on her. Thus it's Connie herself who recounts the time she was giving interviews in London and having pictures taken, when it was suggested that the very modern maker of best-seller phonograph platters pose beside an ancient Edison machine which happened to be available. Everything was set, when a dilatory member of the press appeared, a bit bewildered about his assignment, "You see," it was explained, "we're having Connie Boswell . . ." "Connie Boswell?" he interrupted, "Who's she?" An account of Connie's accomplishments was detailed to him while Connie stood by feeling like a nonentity. The speaker went on: " . . . she's posing with one of Edison's machines." "Edison?" repeated the puzzled reporter. "Who's he?" . . . Connie felt much better after that.

—Hollywood Reporter.

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RELATIVITY?

" . . . " is positively the finest thriller ever produced.

—New York Sun.

" . . . " is possibly the finest thriller ever produced.

—London Express.

▪ ▪ ▪

A complete course in history as taught by the screen would firmly implant in our children's minds that wars are won, that empires rise and fall, that history is made —only by love. According to M-G-M and Norma Shearer, in the recent production of "Marie Antoinette," the French guillotined their king out of rage at his wife's misconduct. Remember too how Ronald Colman saved India for the sake of Loretta Young in "Clive of India?" And how Gary Cooper propped up Kublai Khan's Chinese empire for Sigrid Gurie's kisses in "The Adventures of Marco Polo?" *—Pic.*

A MOVIE MAGAZINE FOR
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JANUARY, 1939

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NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

230 West 41st Street
New York.

Dear Roly Young:

I have just looked over the first issue of your "Movie Digest" and I want to tell you how much I like it. Although I have given up writing about the motion picture in order to pontificate about the drama, I certainly have not lost interest in the screen and am anxious to keep up with it as much as possible. "Movie Digest" will enable me to do so in a manner I have been unable to equal since my departure from professional cinema-going. To any one really interested in the motion picture and all the best that is being written and said about it, I regard your magazine as invaluable.

"Movie Digest," however, is not interesting merely for that utilitarian reason. It is also attractive to look at and fun to read, for your magazine is in a position to publish not only all that is most valuable in what is being written in its subject, but also what is most hilarious and nonsensical. And you and I have been following the films long enough to realize that the hilarious nonsense written and talked about the films is endlessly fascinating and provides one of the most chastening and illuminating commentaries on mankind and the state of the world since, let us say, thousands of my countrymen fled from radio's invading Martians. In a word or two, "Movie Digest" is valuable as a chronicle and anthology, and a wonderful sideshow.

Sincerely,

Richard Watts Jr